

MAY 29 1945

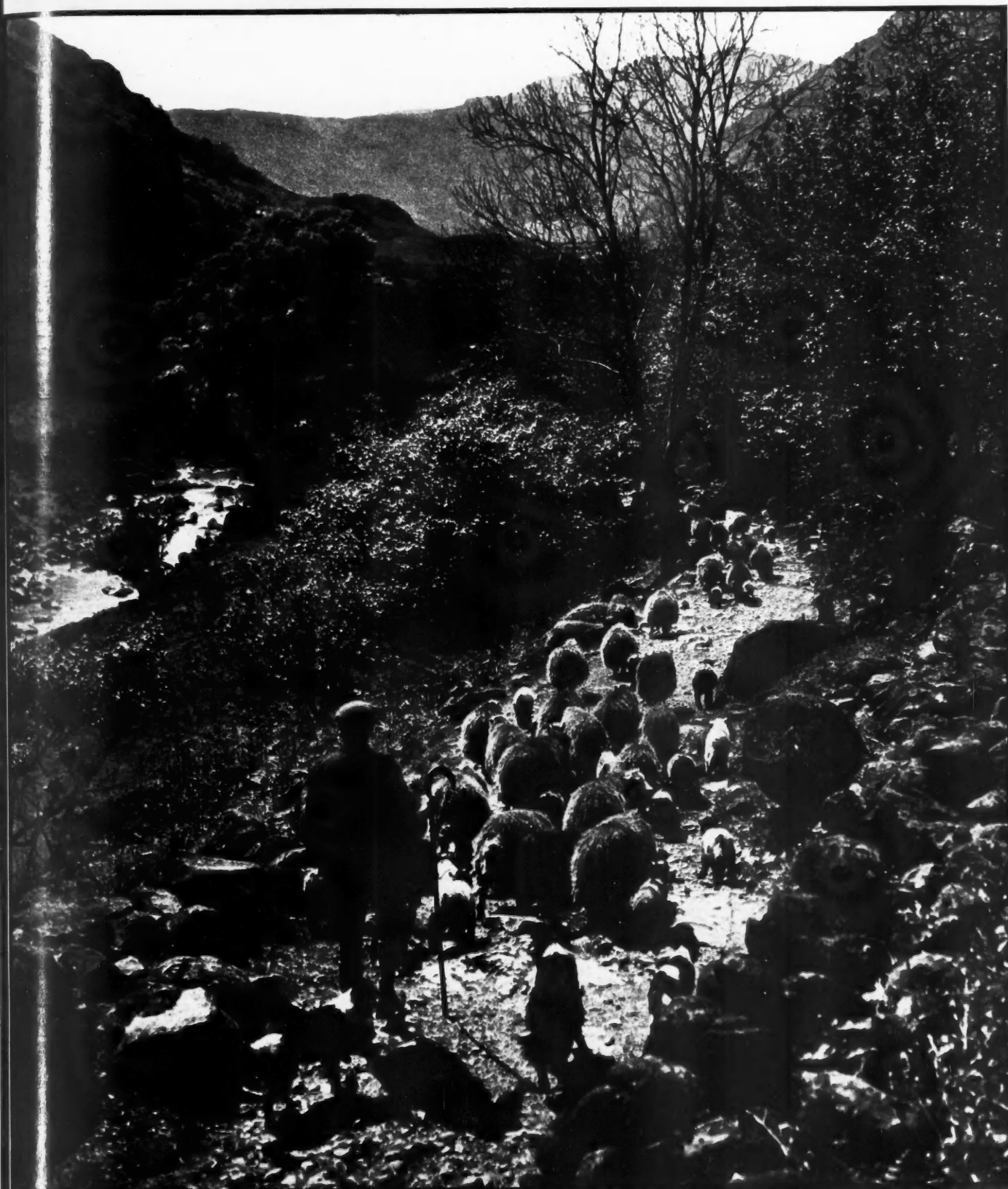
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MISCELLANEOUS

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ADVERTISING PAGE 758.

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVII. No. 2520

MAY 4, 1945



Yvonne Gregory

MISS SHEILA PARISH

Miss Parish is the second daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Francis W. Parish, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, and Mrs. Parish, of Greenham Barton, Taunton, Somerset, and is a great-granddaughter of Mr. Gladstone. She is serving in the F.A.N.Y.

COUNTRY LIFE

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TAXATION OF HOTELS

THE amendments tabled to bring hotels within Part I of the Income Tax Bill involve many important aspects of this country's future. We were only gradually awakening, during the inter-war period, to the financial and employment value of those assets in the way of scenic beauty, of historical interest and of opportunities for recreation which in other lands have long served to provide a large part of the people with employment and profit and the Government with much of its revenue. If a substantial part of a country's agriculture be counted in—as it reasonably may—Switzerland, in peace-time, must have maintained at least fifty per cent. of her national employment by her tourist traffic and its supporting industries. Not in Switzerland only, but in the other chief European countries Governments have realised fully the productive capacity of such activities and have lent their aid, not only in the realm of international advertisement, but in organising and regulating all forms of tourist transport and particularly in supporting and bringing up to modern standards the various branches of the catering industry. In this country that has never been the case, and we have suffered accordingly for our lack of enterprise of rational methods and of modern equipment. Even so, the foreign exchange which we acquired by the expenditure of tourists was approximately £30,000,000 a year—very nearly as much as by our exports of coal, woollen goods and vehicles—and the added importance of such direct profits in the post-war balance of trade needs no emphasis.

The possibilities of the future are far greater, of course. During the war vast numbers of friendly folk overseas have acquired a new and much more intimate interest in these islands and in a people who, for all the world to see, have played so dramatic a part in their own salvation. It is the kind of interest which will make them want to come here; and if we can only provide them, in addition to transport, with the comfort and amenities they are used to, they will have the money to come with. An authoritative estimate to-day is that if the tourist industry were sympathetically handled and relieved of its chief handicaps, it might easily earn for this country a hundred millions annually. But the bottle-necks must be removed and one of the chief of them is the lack of hotel accommodation up to reasonable and even decent standards. Apart from a certain school which affects to find an old-fashioned charm in discomfort and dirt, most people are agreed that baths, hot and cold water in bedrooms, and properly equipped kitchens are part of the normal furnishing of an hotel. The Government, however, does not regard them as such and tax relief is withheld when they are installed. As for expenditure on central heating,

new lifts or air-conditioning (any of which may involve substantial rebuilding) every pound spent is disallowed as a charge against revenue. To say that such a policy is short-sighted seems to be an understatement.

Hotel-keeping is not, of course, exactly a depressed industry, but its capital resources are not unlimited, and there is certainly a good case for its special treatment in those very interests of national finance which present taxation practice is supposed to maintain. Apart from this, one shudders to think, if things are not improved, what discomfort and disappointment there may be in a post-war Britain full of holiday-starved people mostly well able to afford them and with a "staggered" system of leave to keep the kettle of trouble boiling all the year round. There will certainly be little prospect of seasonable accommodation for constant streams of visitors from abroad.

REBUILDING THE CITY

THE Royal Academy Planning Committee's criticism of the City Plan, made in response to the Corporation's invitation of comments, is, in a word, that it is timid. Its proposals are held to be too much dominated by first costs and piece-meal road-widening proposals, with too little regard for the shapes of the sites created or their enhanced value resulting from the improvements. The Corporation's version of the loopway by-pass, on which the R.A. Committee put forward its own proposals in its 1944 Report, *Road, Rail and River* (COUNTRY LIFE), is criticised as technically inadequate. In one passage the R.A. raises the fundamental issue facing every city and town due for replanning: "A city conceived in the main as a collection of money-earning offices is likely not only to become dull and wanting in civic dignity but to lack the very qualities of spaciousness and amenity without which it could not fulfil its intended purposes." The spaciousness, however, is not best attained by widening every street by ten feet or so—at very

LIGHTS

A MILLION lamps to light the town,
Lilac, lemon, ruby red,
Golden serpent in a cage
To show the citizen to bed.

Star caught up in misty twigs
Helping Jack to find his Jane;
To guide the roving sailor home
Farthing candle in a lane.

DOROTHEA STILL.

great cost—but rather by really adequate by-passing and traffic junctions, and a few thoroughfares of generous dignity and careful design. Within the "precincts" of this framework minor streets and lanes can be retained as they are. Where street widening or more extensive replanning is necessary, the economic course is not to buy up only the frontages required but the whole block or area and so finance the cost from the increased revenue created. In an address on Planning against Noise to the Town and Country Planning Association Mr. Hope Bagenal enunciated some scientific conclusions with a direct bearing on City planning and architecture. The reduction in noise by placing main roads (or railways) in a cutting, as the R.A. plans advocate is noteworthy. Similarly, traffic noise is reduced when high buildings do not face each other, and when the ground floors project (as a sound buffer) in front of the main building above. This, and the planning of quiet precincts, points one way to rebuilding the City in which science, architecture and common sense are at one.

EYES TO SEE

LORD WOOLTON, speaking on advertisement control, explained the Government's reluctance further to regulate hoardings by saying that "progress is only attained if legislation is in harmony with public opinion." That is only too true. The future appearance of England—whether our towns and countryside,

houses and furniture, are good to look on even whether our exports appeal to foreigners and therefore sell—comes back to the standard of public opinion, to the extent to which people use their eyes with comprehension and react accordingly. The visual insensitiveness, equivalent to stone deafness, of a large majority of people, is at the root of many problems to-day which, judging from Lord Woolton's remark, will remain unsolved until democracy becomes visually educated. Recognition of this unpalatable but obvious fact led recently to the founding of the Council for Education in Appreciation of Physical Environment, C.E.A.P.E. for short, supported by most bodies concerned with the arts and education, which has issued its first annual report. It has made a good start by enlisting the interest of the Ministry of Education, and of the book, film and toys industries. Numerous courses for teachers on methods of visual education have been or are being arranged. Nature equips children with alert eyes; the Council's first aim is to get elementary education, instead of deadening this faculty, to develop it in the normal course of teaching, not only drawing but history, geography, mathematics and handwork. Even spelling can be taught so as to exercise the eye. The visual alertness of older children, and adults no less, can be aroused by organising local surveys, and some of the occupations required for the County Badge where, as in Hertfordshire, that admirable scheme has been adopted.

THE OVAL NEXT YEAR

IT is pleasant to hear that cricket will, if all is well, be played again in 1946 at the Oval, though there are no hopes of 1945. The flying bombs wrought much harm in its neighbourhood, and it seems that fragments of those odious things are still being found there, but the chief difficulty comes from much smaller fragments, those of barbed wire. The Oval was requisitioned as a Prisoners of War Camp and if there had been an invasion there would have been German prisoners there. As things happily were the camp was never used, but the cages were ready and when they were taken away they may be said to have left their tails behind them, in innumerable little pieces of wire. There are stories that in W. G.'s early days pebbles could be picked up on the ground at Lord's, but barbed wire is both more lethal and harder to remove. The war has had some odd results, and during the blitz greenkeepers on golf courses near London had to take care lest pieces of shrapnel should foul their mowing machines, but barbed wire on a cricket field, as Sherlock Holmes would say, breaks fresh ground in the annals of crime. At any rate we can look forward to seeing the chocolate caps of Surrey in the old home next year.

PIGEONS AND RADIO

TESTS carried out by the Signal Corps of the U.S. Army have revived the old story that the homing apparatus of pigeons is upset by wireless transmission. According to the U.S. Army News three groups of ten pigeons were chosen; each group was sub-divided into two of five apiece, and they were sent off at different times from the radio station for a flight of ten miles. Those that were released when the radio was transmitting were, it appears, palpably confused; they circled round the station for fifteen or twenty minutes before making up their minds and took between 42 and 52 minutes to reach the lofts awaiting them. Those released during a period of silence started away with no hesitation and got home in anything between 18 and 21 minutes. The birds were of the same type and had been trained in the same way and apart from the radio the conditions of flight were the same. This seems convincing enough on paper, but tests carried out in this country before the war, particularly at Droitwich produced no support whatever for the theory. Major Osman, a leading authority on racing pigeons in this country, further assures us that there have been no significant variations in racing-pigeon timing in recent years, when wireless waves have filled the air for 24 hours of the day. More and better experiments may produce more and better evidence. Means will it would be wise to withhold judgment.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By Major C. S. JARVIS

IT has been my custom, since I started to write *A Countryman's Notes* nearly six years ago, to give an account of the opening day on the trout stream, and I have been reminded by a member of the Central Mediterranean Force not to forget this item in 1945 as he likes to make himself thoroughly miserable and home-sick for green water-meadows and soft English skies while existing in the glare and dust of an Eastern land, and thinking of all the things he is missing at home. On looking back through the *Notes* of other years I realise what a steady falling off there has been in this particular item, and, if any reader wishes to hear of big hatches of fly and a real trout rise, he had better ignore this issue and turn back to the accounts of 1941 and 1942.

* * *

DO not think there is any cure for nostalgia, and the longing to be in England in April when everything is springing to life, particularly as April in the East synchronises with the first of those burning sandstorms known as the *khamsin*, but it may be some consolation to excited fishermen to know that we are not catching all the trout in the rivers while they are away. On the other hand the almost total absence of anything in the nature of a real rise for the best part of two seasons goes to suggest that probably the trout themselves are not present to provide it. At the same time it must be admitted that on many waters in the south of England steady hatches of fly have been the exception rather than the rule, and it is difficult to account for this, as every riparian owner has his own particular *bête noir*, which he holds responsible: chemical impregnated outflows from cess-pits, artificial fertilisers used on the land, excessive weed-cutting by up-stream neighbours, and other causes. In this respect, however, we are arriving at some show of unanimity, and all are combining together now to attribute the unsatisfactory conditions to the activities of the various Catchment Boards, who are probably the most unpopular bodies of men in the history of mankind. Judging from the angry articles and letters I read in almost every journal all their deeds are evil, and the only laudatory effusions which appear have been written by members of the Catchment Boards themselves. As I am neither a riparian owner nor a water engineer my opinion on the subject is worth nothing, but it seems to me that, though the water level of our river has been lowered in Summer-time to an extent which dries out most of the wells in the vicinity, the flooding in Autumn, Winter and early Spring appears to be much the same as it was before the drainage started.

* * *

THE only and doubtful consolation I obtain over our English trouting troubles is to learn from a Northern Irish correspondent that all the rivers in his district over a very wide area are ruined by flax water. It is so long since I fished in Northern Ireland that I had forgotten this ever-present menace, against which the allied forces of riparian owners and fishery officials are constantly fighting in Ulster, and I gather that, like so many other evils to-day, the flax water is flowing more freely than usual owing to demands for increased production and lack of control.

* * *

ON the opening day this season I crossed, on my way westwards, the Avon, a river where the fishing does not start until May 1, and here a good hatch of grannom was in progress, with the insects fluttering over the coping of the bridge on a northerly breeze in some considerable numbers. This, however, is a usual feature with this Hampshire river, and I have known days in other years when along the

Ringwood - Salisbury road the motor traffic has had to slow up owing to windscreens being plastered with flattened insects. The hatch this year, though generous, was not in any way phenomenal, and in any case was no indication of what I might expect some 25 miles on as the grannom avoids the Dorset Piddle. There we have to rely on the March brown (which is becoming almost as rare as the purple emperor) a possible early hatch of olives, and a mysterious fly which I have never been able to catch and identify.

* * *

THE chalk-stream, despite the dry weather we have experienced since the snowfall of late January, was in good fettle, and one of the great attractions of the early part of the year is the freedom from the excessive bank-side growth of reeds, cow-parsley, water-celery and that particularly poisonous deadly nightshade, which makes casting on some of the most attractive runs extremely difficult later on in the season. I use the adjective poisonous in this connection, not on account of the nightshade's deadly berries, but because the thin straggling branches of this plant grow thickly over every likely pool, take the fly freely whenever offered, and, unfortunately for the fisherman, have a far higher breaking strain than has war-time gut.

* * *

AMONG the many riverside improvements carried out during the Winter by a new and energetic farmer was the removal of two solitary alders standing back from the bank, which had hindered casting for the last 20 years, and the clearing of a thicket of every thorn-bearing bush in Great Britain, which flourished opposite the spot where a small tributary joins the river. On the debit side may be mentioned the erection along one bank of a single strand of electrified wire to prevent cattle crossing the stream, and incidentally making the landing of a trout in this spot a job to be undertaken by contortionists only.

The kingfisher came whizzing down-stream to greet me as I was putting up my rod, and made his usual rude remark in passing. A snipe was drumming over a marshy corner where in the Autumn I always hope to flush some members of his family, but am usually disappointed, and a duck mallard was apparently busy with her brood, which she transfers to some other water at the beginning of the shooting season. Grey and pied wagtails were flirting their tails on the weed clumps in mid-stream, the larks were singing in a Spring sky, and I know there were some trout in the stream, as about 3 p.m. there was a feeble rise, which lasted for about five minutes, to yield a brace of fish which just—only just—reached the 10-in. limit.

* * *

UNDER the heading *Rare Bird Shot* I have read in a local newspaper recently that a gunner loose on some Hampshire water-meadows shot a bittern, which rose from the



Douglas Went

"MORNING'S AT SEVEN"

rushes, and that he let it have a barrel "as he thought it was a dangerous bird."

I should suppose that the bittern is a dangerous bird to shoot if the police act on the evidence supplied by the newspaper and prosecute, for the unfortunate bittern is on the Protected List, and there is a fine for killing it, though for the moment I cannot remember if it is £5 or £1—I hope the former. If the penalty could be increased to £50 it might possibly cause some of these shoot-everything-you-see gunners to think twice before they blaze off at one of our oldest and most interesting English birds, which has given its name to various localities such as Bitterne on the Itchen by Southampton, and, after being practically extinct in this country for many years would now seem to be making a serious attempt to re-establish itself, not only on the Norfolk Broads, but elsewhere, in the Southern Counties. It would seem, however, to be a singularly unfortunate bird for, whenever a rare specimen is reported in a new area, the notice is almost invariably of the obituary variety, owing to some "sportsman" shooting it on the principle that everything he does not recognise on sight must of necessity be harmful to the human race, and therefore to be at once destroyed.

* * *

I MUST confess with sorrow, for I have long wished to meet him, that I have neither seen nor heard the bittern, and have little hope of so doing if every specimen is shot almost immediately after it lands in this country. A correspondent who visited the Norfolk Broads solely for the bittern's sake tells me that the "boom" of the bird is a very considerable volume of sound, and can be heard at night for a distance of a mile or more.

When one approaches a bittern stance at night in a flat-bottomed Broads punt, and moves very cautiously, it is possible to hear the bittern clearing his throat three or four times in preparation for his vocal effort; then comes a long and quite audible drawing-in of air, followed almost immediately by the "boom," which is startling when heard at close quarters, and suggests that the producer, if his size is in keeping with his voice, must be at least as large as a bull.

THE FIEND OF CUMBERLAND

By G. BERNARD WOOD



HELM CLOUD SETTLED DOWN ON THE PENNINES NEARLY TO THE BOTTOM, SHOWING THE BAR BREAKING UP

WINTER and early Spring, though liable to produce tiresome gales in any part of the country, are seasons bringing special fears and perils to the folk of Cumberland and Westmorland. A large area overlapping the two counties is the sporting ground of a peculiar, and malevolent, natural phenomenon. Its lair is Cross Fell (2,930 feet), the highest mountain of the

Pennines, which, centuries ago, appropriately earned the alternative name, Fiend's Fell. The fiend is none other than the Helm Wind, probably the most terrific and the coldest blast that Britain can provide.

With its wide green pastures and trim villages, the Eden Valley looks the most peaceful spot on earth, but in Spring farmers and others anxiously scan the sky eastwards in the

direction of Cross Fell. I once saw a group of countrymen gazing intently from the bridge at Appleby, which fringes the neighbourhood where the tumult is often the most violent. Should certain cloud formations appear above the flat-crested mountain, the watchers will mutter something which none but natives of these parts would understand, and determinedly go their ways. "The Helm (but they would say



THE BAR ABOUT
THREE MILES
FROM THE
HILLS, AND
WHAT IS KNOWN
LOCALLY AS A
BLACK HELM

THE EDEN VALLEY LOOKS THE MOST PEACEFUL SPOT ON EARTH, BUT IN SPRING FARMERS ANXIOUSLY SCANT THE SKY IN THE DIRECTION OF CROSS FELL (IN THE BACKGROUND)



G. F. Abraham

'H lum') is on." And it may blow for a fortnight or more, without respite.

What exactly is the Helm?

Its gathering ground seems to be the rugged lands—scored by those grand, wild dales of the Wear, the Tees, and other rivers of County Durham and North Yorkshire. From this area cold winds sweep westwards eventually reaching Cross Fell, the watershed, where they blow at right angles to the scarp and then suddenly plunge downwards in an icy blast.

A meteorologist once explained it to me thus: "The action of the wind, there, is comparable to the sudden plunge of water over a precipice. In terms of wind this happens in several other parts of Britain—at Bluebell Hill in the North Downs, for example, and in the Cotswolds—but Cumberland's Helm Wind is the 'Niagara of the Air' as far as this country is concerned."

In meteorological language such a wind is described as a katabatic wind, meaning one that "drops." It is often accompanied by some form of cloud cap. The Table Mountain of South Africa has its well-known "table cloth," and Mount Pico in the Azores, its "whale." Cross Fell wears a "helmet," hence the name Helm Wind.

Parallel with the range, though at some distance away to the west, another cloud-formation often appears; this is the Helm Bar and you can watch it being fed with small cloudlets from the east, as though by some uncanny agency, while similar cloudlets detach themselves from the Bar and sail off to the west.

The Helm Wind has two intensities known as "black" and "white"; the character of the "helmet" indicates which is "on," as they say, and the "black" variety is the fiercer. Moreover, there is usually an accompanying howl or roar.

From some eminence, like Caesar's Tower in the grounds of Appleby Castle, you can witness the sky drama and its ever-changing scenes

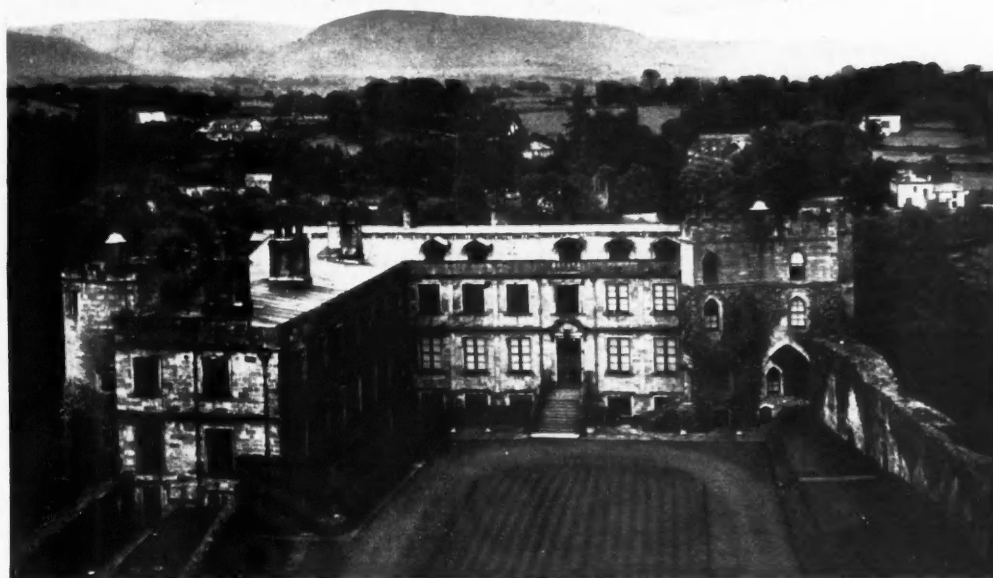
in comparative comfort, for on the western banks of the River Eden there is generally little more than a cool wind.

The domain of the Helm ranges, normally, from Brough in Westmorland to the high lands around Brampton, near Carlisle, just south of Hadrian's Wall, but as if to demonstrate that one cannot "set a bound to the wind," the Helm frequently varies its attack, veering more to south or north and even sweeping through Lakeland, where, as in the districts most affected, the countryfolk recount many tales about the effects of its fury.

Only a few years ago bunches of hay were seen careering over Windermere at an estimated

height of 2,000 feet, carried by the Helm Wind. Frequently haycocks have been lifted bodily and then dropped into an adjoining field. Crops are sometimes swept away and trees uprooted. Cows and sheep are given a surprising momentum, pebbles roll along roads and paths as though pushed by some unseen hand, and, with the wind in the opposite direction, cyclists find it impossible to pedal downhill. Wooden farm-buildings on the west slopes of the Cross Fell range have often collapsed before the gale. Even so, local folk have learned to jest about it all; they will tell you that the Helm sometimes "blows t' geuse nebs (goose bills) off."

"A Helm Wind blows nobody good,"



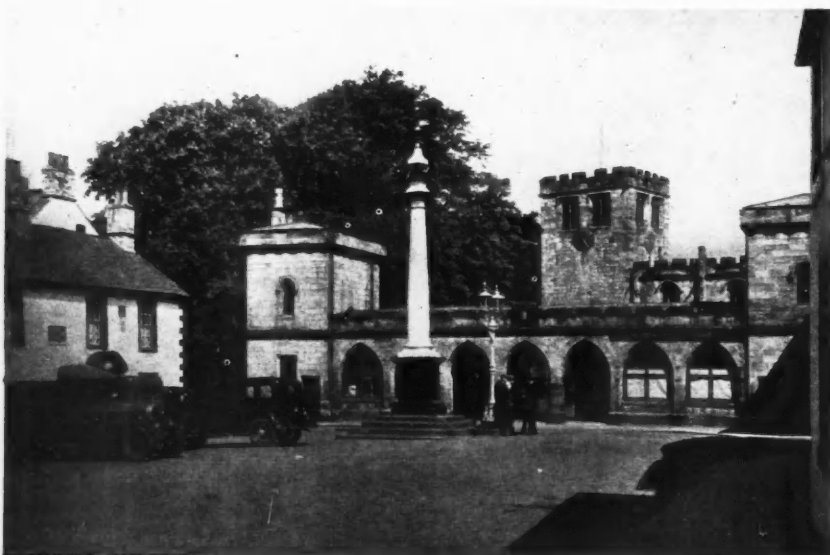
CROSS FELL RANGE, SEEN FROM CAESAR'S TOWER, APPLEBY CASTLE, ON THE RIVER EDEN



WILD BOAR FELL, AT THE SOUTH APPROACH TO THE
EDEN VALLEY



PART OF THE AREA WHERE THE HELM WIND GATHERS ITS
ICY BLASTS: THE TEES



declares one modern writer. Historically, however, there seems to have been an exception. Students have often sought to estimate, but vainly, from contemporary records, the exact nature and strength of the storms that traditionally assailed and scattered the Spanish Armada. A winning factor in another bygone combat, one staged in the Lake District soon after the Norman invasion, is easier to identify; it was the Helm Wind.

Mr. Nicholas Size recounts the incident in his book, *The Secret Valley*. The Normans, largely successful elsewhere in the country as conquerors, could not subdue the dwellers among the Lakes. Impenetrable mountains, reputed to be demon-haunted, hidden bogs and swamps that engulfed whole detachments, were sufficient to demoralise any unsuspecting army in those days . . . and then, in the midst of a promising attack on Earl Boethar, the English leader and his followers, near Grasmere, a mighty wind accompanied by that ominous bellowing smote them in the rear. Men and horses were hurled to the ground, trees uprooted and flung among the dismayed soldiery, and general panic ensued. Boethar's men made the most of the confusion, believing that God had sent the



G. Bernard Wood

HIGH FORCE, UPPER TEESDALE

Helm Wind to their aid. But to those of the Normans who survived, this unseen thing was the Judgment of God.

So far, Cross Fell has defeated those who would investigate its secret. Once, in the superstitious days, a bold priest sought to banish the possessing spirit of Fiend's Fell by uttering suitable incantations on the summit and by making the sign of the Cross over it. The first scientific investigation was conducted in 1888, but with no conclusive results. In 1937 Mr. Gordon Manley, head of the School of Geography at Durham University, resumed the work by living for several months in a rude hut near the summit of Cross Fell. The work was aided by a grant from the Leverhulme Research Trust, but during that season the Helm Wind gave no characteristic performance!

The Fiend's secret is still largely its own, but after the war, perhaps, investigations will be continued. It was Mr. Manley's hope that fuller knowledge of the Helm Wind and its causes would deepen our understanding of the similar but greater wind that flows off the ice-covered coasts of Greenland and thus produce valuable data for meteorologists in connection with transatlantic air services.

(Left) MARKET-PLACE AND "CLOISTERS"
AT APPLEBY IN THE HEART OF THE
HELM WIND COUNTRY

FROM A WOODMAN'S DIARY

JANUARY 5.—In the forest to dig and sift woodland soil, needed for special seed-beds in the nursery. Bluebell bulbs are a nuisance: they are so small that they pass through our screen, and later they come up in the nursery, where they are a grievous weed. There has been some research into the shade-tolerance of bluebells (none will grow where the light intensity, March-June, is under ten per cent. of daylight) and we could have found places where there were no bulbs, but then would probably have had to remove the soil from immediately above the main roots of trees—even as it was we were faulted for going too far among the larches, some of which—it was suggested—might be blown down as a result of our industry. At a lecture I learned that the "white ants" which damage woodwork in the tropics are neither white nor ants.

JANUARY 10.—Snow. I was sent from the nursery through the forest with a message for the foreman. I saw far more tracks of badgers and foxes than of rabbits, and one or two places where badgers had rolled in the snow.

JANUARY 13.—Lifting and heeling-in a few thousand transplants in the nursery, to clear the ground. They made an interesting mixture: Lawson's cypress and *S. gigantea* (vulgarly, Wellingtonia) from the Far West, *P. contorta* from the eastern U.S.A., Norway spruce from Europe, and *P. armandi* from Western China.

JANUARY 18.—We finished lining-out larch in the upper nursery and began on the Scotch pine. I am told that we can line-out some species as late as mid-April.

JANUARY 22.—To the sewage farm to dig sludge from the beds there, and to load on lorries for use as an ingredient in some of our precious composts. Not such a filthy job as it might have been, but quite bad enough. Feeding on the filters was a grey wagtail.

JANUARY 29.—The ground thermometer is showing 25 degrees of frost—too cold to be pleasant in a caravan, where the condensation becomes bad whenever the temperature outside falls below 20 degrees Fahr. But three Winters ago we had one night with 26 degrees of frost.

JANUARY 31.—Going through the forest to the upper nursery, the others saw two foxes fighting furiously. This at 10 a.m. They noticed mostly the snicking of the foxes' teeth as they snapped at each other but failed to connect. Some seeds of Lawson's and a cotoneaster were sifted and prepared. We had a small parcel of *Colutea arborescens*, *Photinia villosa* and *Magnolia officinalis*, and I was told to look them up in Beane to see what their needs might be. Interested in the *Colutea*. Our roadside amenity planting in the past has depended too much on rhododendrons: the brooms and their relations have been quite neglected.

FEBRUARY 5.—Began the tough job of lifting 3 x 3 walnuts (*Juglans nigra*)—over 800 of them. Last year's lot were grand, but these are poor. They are, mercifully, going away to East Anglia: the aim and object is said to be not furniture timber (as I suspected) but gunstocks.

FEBRUARY 7.—Still lifting the walnuts. I hear that various seeds have arrived from Canada—one or two species of *Fraxinus* (ash) and some beautifully screened birch—*papyrifera*, *cerrucosa* and *alaskana*, but not the *lutea* which is the chief provider of birchwood for aircraft. (*Papyrifera* is the provider of the bark used in making canoes—and also for roofing and for drinking vessels.) It's not difficult to think that there are 700,000 of these seeds to the lb. Some talk of the necessity for reasonable criteria or averages of germinations and usable plants: we once got 162,000 sitka spruce plants—140,000 usable—from 1 lb. of seed.

FEBRUARY 19.—Acorns (*Q. pedunculata*) sown—roughly 1 lb. or 120 acorns to 3 square feet. Over a hundredweight was sown. I was told that it did no harm to break off the radicles. Also we sowed a very much smaller quantity of acorns of the Luccombe oak and a few "cockers" of *Aesculus indica*, the Indian species

which flowers a month later than the commoner kind of horse chestnut. The woodmen in the forest are now busy planting-out Jap and European larches and Corsican pine. The work would have been better done before Christmas.

FEBRUARY 21.—Lifting plants for the forest gang: another 750 two-year-old larch, some 2,000 3 x 2 Sitka for beating-up (filling in the gaps in last year's plantations) and 2,000 *Tsuga heterophylla* or western hemlock. Then we lifted several thousand Jap larch seedlings which we shall have to line out.

FEBRUARY 26.—A month ago I thought I saw the tracks of a deer in the wood. To-day Len saw the deer itself—a small fallow buck of the very dark variety sometimes said to have been introduced by Anne of Denmark. Presumably it is an escape from the deer park four miles away: if so, it must have swum the river, nowhere less than 40 yards wide.

MARCH 7.—We seem to have been lining-out for weeks and there is still much to be done. How I detest gang work. To-day two of the others were lucky enough to be sent sowing beech seed—about 135 lb. has to go in. Some is English, some Irish and some was gathered in France and Belgium last Autumn. I have seen some Press references to questions about the Forestry Commission's

higher charges for pea-sticks and beanrods in one area: 2s. 6d. instead of 1s. 1d. per bundle of 40 pea-sticks, and 3s. 6d. instead of 1s. 6d. per bundle of 25 beanrods. I think both pea-sticks and beanrods are usually sold at uneconomically low figures (here they are 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. respectively) and that there is every justification for a rise. Pea-sticks, incidentally, are cut on a 5-7 year rotation, which means that a given site yields a crop only once in every five to seven years.

MARCH 8.—At 7.20 a.m., when going through the wood to work, I had a good view of a badger returning home rather late after his night's foray. Though badgers are plentiful, I was lucky, for two woodmen who have worked here for 22 and 16 years respectively have never seen one. (Is it not a fact that badgers, foxes and otters are all largely diurnal in habit, in truly wild country, and that their crepuscular-nocturnal habit—in most parts of England—has been developed as a defence against man and human persecution?) Brock's rather graceless shambling gait explains in part the popular tendency to consider him a cousin of the bear rather than of the weasel—as he is.

MARCH 14.—Some students came to see how sitka spruce seed is sown, and to try their hands. We did not wish their inept efforts to come to anything, so they were given seed which had been specially boiled overnight. The chaffchaff was heard to-day.

MARCH 17.—A scramble to sow a quantity of ash seed before the week-end: there had been some misunderstanding about this and we received the seed (which runs about 2,000 to the lb.) with radicles so long that it would have been risky in this mild weather to hold it over till Monday. Of course, ash would regenerate well in most places but for rabbits, which play havoc with it.

MARCH 19.—A cloud of wood-pigeons rose from the beds newly sown with beechmast, so we have had to enclose the whole area with slatted shelters and wire-netting.

MARCH 20.—Sowing sitka seed most of the day. Not such an easy job as it looks: the dressing of red lead (applied as a deterrent to mice) sticks between one's fingers and is diffi-

cult to remove with soap and water, but paraffin does the trick. I went to inspect a few acres of the forest which we clear-felled of hardwoods, chiefly oak, last March and which have in the past three weeks been replanted with acorns. Some pest has been digging up the acorns: badgers and mice were both considered, but I think grey squirrels are the most probable culprits. The acorns are planted in squares roughly five feet by five and 21 feet apart, the idea being that the young oaks will thus be less likely to suffer damage at trimming times and that finally the best one of the many trees in each square will be allowed to grow to maturity. Between the squares larch is to be planted, partly as nurses and partly as a catch-crop: the oaks will yield nothing of much account until 2100, but the larch will give a varying return in 25-50 years.

MARCH 26.—A flock of crossbills is said to have been in a stand of old Scotch pine in the forest. I have not seen them but think some damaged cones found to-day were evidence that they had lately been there. Numbers of grass snakes out to enjoy the sun; Len saw four or five in half an hour and I saw two others in five minutes. Len, incidentally, interested us with the information that elder made quite good gateposts and also tolerable sledge handles.



A FOREST NURSERY. In the background, larches; in the foreground, beech and sitka spruce seedlings

He did not claim that it was as good as oak or ash for the respective jobs but that it was a really useful substitute. Elder is about the last wood I should have chosen.

MARCH 27.—I began to help with the lining-out of 3,000 poplar cuttings of several different species and sub-species, including hybrids, nine inches long and heeled-in three weeks ago, but I was soon sent up the wood where some big larch (now tufted with "rosy plumelets") were being felled to provide 14-ft. posts for the new timber shed. We had to rind the posts: tomorrow three or four feet at the butt ends of the rinded posts are to be charred in fires made for the purpose. I don't understand why this preserves them from rotting, but apparently it does. I am told that some of the trees which are killed by forest fires in North America are found to survive as standing timber with their heartwood in perfect condition and fully seasoned when the lumbermen come 50 years after the fire. Also, I was interested to notice the insistence that the butt ends should go into the ground: the posts were not to be upside down, after the fashion of the late mediæval cottage-builders. Apparently it is thought to look clumsy in a semi-open lean-to shed.

MARCH 29.—Lining-out beech, sycamore and *Tsuga heterophylla*. I see that *Tsuga* is mentioned as one of the woods (Douglas, larch and birch are others) which respond so well to a new hardening treatment—impregnation with a solution of methylol urea—that it becomes comparable with oak as a flooring material. But that still leaves the æsthetic aspect unaffected: the grain of good oak or even elm floorboards keeps them in a class by themselves, in my view.

J. W.

ENGLISH SILHOUETTES—II

By G. BERNARD HUGHES

(Left) GOLD LOCKET WITH MINIATURE SILHOUETTE SIGNED BY MIERS

(Right) A GENTLEMAN, BY THOMAS OF LONG ACRE
He undertook "to supply silhouette portraits at one shilling each"

FRANCIS TOROND (1743-1812), the greatest silhouette artist to work in England, was a refugee of French Huguenot descent.

He excelled in those rare conversation pieces of family groups in which homely accessories such as tea services and urns, wine glasses and decanters, Chippendale chair backs, tripods, flowers and birds are exquisitely delineated. Desmond Coke, whose collection contained many fine conversation pieces bought from a descendant of Torond says: "He was a master of decorative effect and each of his compositions is a separate delight." Torond started with a studio in fashionable Bath where he painted portraits in oils and built for himself a reputation as a miniaturist of some distinction. He moved to London in 1784 and advertised himself as drawing master, miniaturist and silhouette artist. So successful were his silhouettes that soon he was employing several assistants, which forced his removal to larger studios at 18, Wells Street, off Oxford Street. He painted in all-black and colour, bust and full-length figure in addition to the conversation pieces which brought wealthy sitters flocking to his doors.

Probably the earliest silhouette artist to use colour was W. Phelps of Drury Lane who is known to have used apple green and several shades of blue in ladies' dresses for some years before 1788. His work is rare, but of

exceptionally fine quality executed on glass, plaster or card. Hair treatment is entirely distinctive, the colours being laid on with dark lines superimposed.

Charles of Bath, who described himself as the first profilist in England, painted on glass and card. His faces were dense black, hair, lace and other decorations being semi-transparent. When he moved to No. 130, Strand, he boldly advertised that he studied the "Italian, Flemish and all the great schools and is a Royal Academician"; adding also that he "took silhouettes on Paper at 3/6, elegantly framed 6/-, on glass and ivory at 10/6. If not approved at the time of sitting, no pay. Whole lengths taken at one guinea. There is no necessity for persons to come with their hair dressed."

C. Rosenberg, also of Bath, and "at Mrs. Barclay's Ye Temple in London" was Court silhouette artist to King George III and to Queen Charlotte. He printed the Royal Arms at the head of his label "by Their Majesties Authority." Time of sitting was one minute and his work was guaranteed not to fade, which seems to indicate that some silhouettes suffered from prolonged exposure to light.

The trade card of W. L. Holland who worked between 1774-1786, in telling the story of this eminent silhouette artist, says: "Miniature profile-shade likenesses à la Marlborough are

painted upon glass with a composition in water-colour much superior to any other yet attempted in oil colour on glass, or in water-colour on plaster of Paris."

W. Spornberg, "inventor, No. 5 Lower Church St., Bath," painted upon the inside of convex glass the outline of the profile, leaving the figure white and the surrounding space black. Features and dress were roughly indicated by black lines. A background of orange-red was then applied, causing the portrait to stand out in red, contrasting with the surrounding black. Elaborate borders were sometimes added.

In 1823 "that celebrated little boy Master William Hubbard," was presented with an expensive silver palette by the Glasgow Philosophical Society in recognition of his skill as a silhouette artist. Born at Whitchurch in Shropshire and grandson of the eminent German sculptor Reinhardt, Hubbard began cutting as a professional at the age of thirteen, being advertised as a papyrotomist. His cut pictures were always full length and pasted on card, but before emigrating to America in 1824 he was painting directly with Indian ink touched with gold. He attracted the attention of the Duchess of Kent, who with her family was staying at Townley House, Ramsgate. Here he made silhouettes of the whole family, including the Princess Victoria, Prince Charles and Prince Feodor. Silhouettes cut at his studio, 109, Strand, had the words "Hubbard Gallery" embossed on the left-hand corner. For several years he travelled America as an itinerant silhouette artist eventually emerging as a portrait painter of some eminence. The bursting of a shell he was filling at his own factory for use by the Confederates killed him in 1862.

The long list of silhouette artists whose profiles are worth acquiring includes J. Smith, of Edinburgh, who painted on plaster and also worked "to pattern, hair and pearl work for rings, lockets and bracelets;" J. Gapp of Brighton Chain Pier who shone as an exponent of full-length figures cut with scissors; Dempsey of Liverpool who reminded "Emigrants, Travellers and the Public that the new Penny Postage offers a safe and cheap method of sending mementoes: Likenesses in Shade 3d., Bronzed 6d., Colours 1/6d."

Labels are important; few silhouettes are signed and proof of origin increases their value ten-fold. It is fortunate that the mature work of well-known silhouette artists betrays personal characteristics which makes recognition of unlabelled specimens fairly simple. Although the 18th-century profilists worked in two or three different styles, little tricks in handling, such as treatment of the hair, or photographic accuracy reflect the personality. Mrs. Beetham, for instance, finished off her busts with a peculiar double curve: most profilists used a natural curve. Rosenberg had a very similar mannerism.

The silhouette artist who relied upon eye and hand alone for accuracy was the exception after 1790, when a "machine" was designed for throwing a life-sized shadow of the sitter upon a white-paper screen. This was out-lined by hand and its size mechanically reduced, the resulting profile being either painted or cut out. Many profilists advertised their patent machines as an asset, such as Mrs. Harrington, who proclaimed that, "at No. 131, New Bond St. she takes the most striking likenesses at 2/6 each by virtue of His Majesty's Royal Letters Patent granted to Mrs. Harrington for her improved method of obtaining perfect likenesses."

The main principle of all these so-called machines, which had a half-century vogue, was to arrange the paper between draughtsman and sitter, almost touching the head and producing a shadow of clear sharp outline. Usually there was an arrangement to hold the sitter's head steady while tracing was in progress. The



THE SITWELL AND WARNEFORD FAMILIES, BY TOROND. Circa 1776
In the possession of Sir Osbert Sitwell, Bt.



A BIRTHDAY PARTY, BY TOROND. INDIAN INK ON PAPER,
ABOUT 1785



THE LABEL ON THE BACK OF A
MIERS'S LEEDS SILHOUETTE

(Left) A SILHOUETTE CUT FROM BLACK
SILK BY AN ITINERANT ARTIST ON
HIGH GREEN, WOLVERHAMPTON,
DURING THE WHITSUNTIME FAIR,
ABOUT 1820

In the Author's collection



(Right) THE DUKE OF SUSSEX PAINTED
ON A CARD BY W. MASON AT
CAMBRIDGE IN 1825

His first full-length portrait was Dr. Majendie, Bishop of Bangor, who was so pleased that he ordered fifty copies on the spot. In those days a "shade man" had become little better than a pedlar and it took Edouart a year or two to overcome this aversion while he travelled the countryside. By 1835 he had cut nearly 50,000 shades, his average scale of charges being: full-length 5/-; sitting 7/-; children under eight 3/6; bust 2/6. At the same time he sold silhouettes of celebrities for 3/- each. Families were visited in their homes when such accessories as harps, tables, hobby horses, etc., were added to the picture and charged extra.

Edouart used blank paper for his silhouettes and sometimes mounted them on conventional sepia or lithographed pictorial backgrounds. Occasionally he heightened his work with gold pencilling, but collars were always indicated in the cutting. His heads are invariably excellent; feet are poor. He depended entirely upon eye for accuracy, holding the paper in the left hand and using a small pair of sharp pointed scissors. The paper was kept constantly moving while the cuts were made, the scissors being held still. Speed was considered an important factor.

The technical skill of the master scissorists was extraordinary: but although poise of head and beauty of line gave character to their profiles, they lacked the tenderness of the earlier painted silhouettes. As cut silhouettes became

cheaper they were collected and exchanged as are postage stamps to-day. This was the period of the scrap book when silhouette cutting was taught in the ladies' seminaries. Seldom is this work worth collecting.

Half the charm of silhouettes is lost if they lack their original mounts. Thin brass frames pressed with gadroon patterns and more expensive oval mounts of gilt metal enriched with borders of paste or pearls, similar to those used for miniatures on ivory, usually surrounded 18th-century silhouettes depicting persons of rank or beauty. Golden maple and pearwood frames were contemporary with the familiar black papier-mâché frames with oval internal mounts and acorn ring attachments of brass, belonging to the head and shoulder profiles of the early nineteenth century.

Miniature silhouettes decorating rings, brooches, lockets and bracelets were notable for their delicacy and beauty, the profile being delightfully set off by the surrounding gold, pearl or ivory. Bracelets of agate mounted in gold had for their clasps bronzed silhouette portraits painted on plates. Rings were made for memorial purposes and are very rare, the name of the deceased being engraved upon the back of a black silhouette. Snuff-boxes, patch-boxes, playing-card boxes and work-boxes were given a personal touch with silhouettes of their owners. Great rarities are silhouette watch-discs designed to fit into the backs of watch cases during the 1840s. The central picture, usually a portrait of the watch owner, was framed by a conventional printed design.

The first article on this subject appeared in the issue of April 27.



"SPORTS," AN EDOUART SILHOUETTE REPRODUCED FROM HIS TREATISE, PUBLISHED IN 1835. (Right) JANE PENNIMAN SMITH AND HER PARENTS, CUT BY EDOUART IN WASHINGTON DURING 1844

SEND GROVE, SURREY—II

THE HOME OF THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

Built by a General and enlarged by an Admiral in the second half of the eighteenth century, this miniature house has been furnished in recent years with unusual charm and taste

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

"GROVE" suggests classic elegance in idyllic landscape, when part of the name of a house. It was on the charms of Maple Grove that the odious Mrs. Elton dilated in *Emma*. Yet, more often than not, the *grove* element in a place-name will be found traceable to Saxon times, when *grafe* signified a thicket or wood: for example, Bromsgrove, *Breme's grove*, Humblygrove, *Humble-inga-grafe*, "Humble's people's wood"; even Westbourne Grove probably has a good Saxon ancestry. In some maps Sendgrove is spelt so, and applies not simply to this house but apparently to the west end of the parish including Send church. It probably referred not so much to an isolated wood here on the sandy bank of the Wey as to the part of the woodland, in early times covering most of the region, which pertained to the men of Send.

But there is no doubt that the classical associations of "grove" appealed to the 18th-century mind, so that, wherever it occurred in a local place-name, the Georgians made the most of it, adopting it for the name of a house instead of substituting something else, especially if the house was of a modest character and the owner interested in landscape gardening.

This was the case, we found last week, with General William Evelyn, the ex-Guards officer who acquired Send Grove about the middle of the eighteenth century, laid out its grounds, and probably built the middle

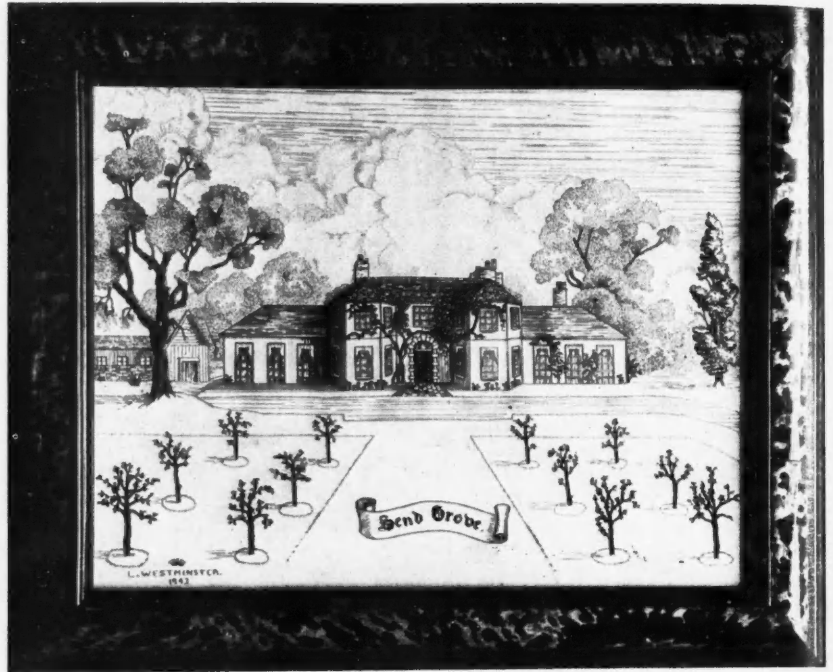
part of the existing house. If, as is almost certain, the wings on either side containing each a single sizeable room were added by his successor Admiral Sir Francis Drake about 1790, the General's establishment was distinctly modest, but probably not more so than the homes of the numerous people who, then as now, had no great possessions and retired from the Services with a small pension. Little more is known about the General, beyond that he left no descendant and seems to have been a bachelor not unmindful of the poor, since he bequeathed to them the residue of 20s. yearly—after deducting the cost of maintaining his monument. His selection of Send for his retirement is perhaps accountable by its lying roughly half way between Windsor, where much of his soldiering no doubt took place, and his father's, later his brother's, home at Wotton lying under the Downs some eight miles S.W. as the crow flies. So it was conveniently close to two places with which he must have been closely connected, and he may well have first come across it when passing from one to the other; much as, so it has been suggested, Admiral Drake got wind at

Ripley of the Grove being for sale in 1783 as he posted from Portsmouth to London to receive his knighthood after his victorious action in the West Indies a year before.

His service afloat continued for a year, but he retired some time before 1789 when he is next heard of being elected to Parliament for Plymouth, in which year he died suddenly. But he was a married man, although without children, so that Lady Drake may be supposed to have superintended the alterations in his absence. The addition of the two wing rooms was clearly a necessity for a married owner of Drake's position.

The eastern wing, now fitted as a library (Fig. 3), has a segmental barrel-vaulted and coffered ceiling that gives this delightful and unusual room quite a monumental air. If it were stripped of furniture it might be mistaken for a ballroom, so impeccable are its proportions. The palmettes and other hellenic forms in the cornice mouldings are delicately executed to the same small scale. But the three windows opening to the floor (Fig. 1), and the size of the chimney-piece, of course relate the room actually to human proportions. The photograph of the window side incidentally shows a pleasant means of floor decoration with internal "window boxes". The character of the design and details of the room point to a date when Grecian simplicity had replaced the Adams' version of latinity, and might be as late as 1820. On the other hand the new vogue had been initiated as early as 1762 by Stuart and Revett's *Antiquities of Athens*, so that its appearance here about 1785-90 is perfectly feasible.

The bookcases installed at each end of the room carry round the cornice level, and their broken curved pediments, supporting each a marble urn, do not conflict with the curve of the ceiling. This woodwork is painted a pale cream picked out with a dull gold. The Duchess of Westminster has collected some choice illustrated editions, both modern and antique, and they are so arranged as to contribute to the decoration of the room. Selected books are placed open



1.—THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE
Silk embroidery worked by the Duchess of Westminster



2.—THE LIBRARY WINDOWS



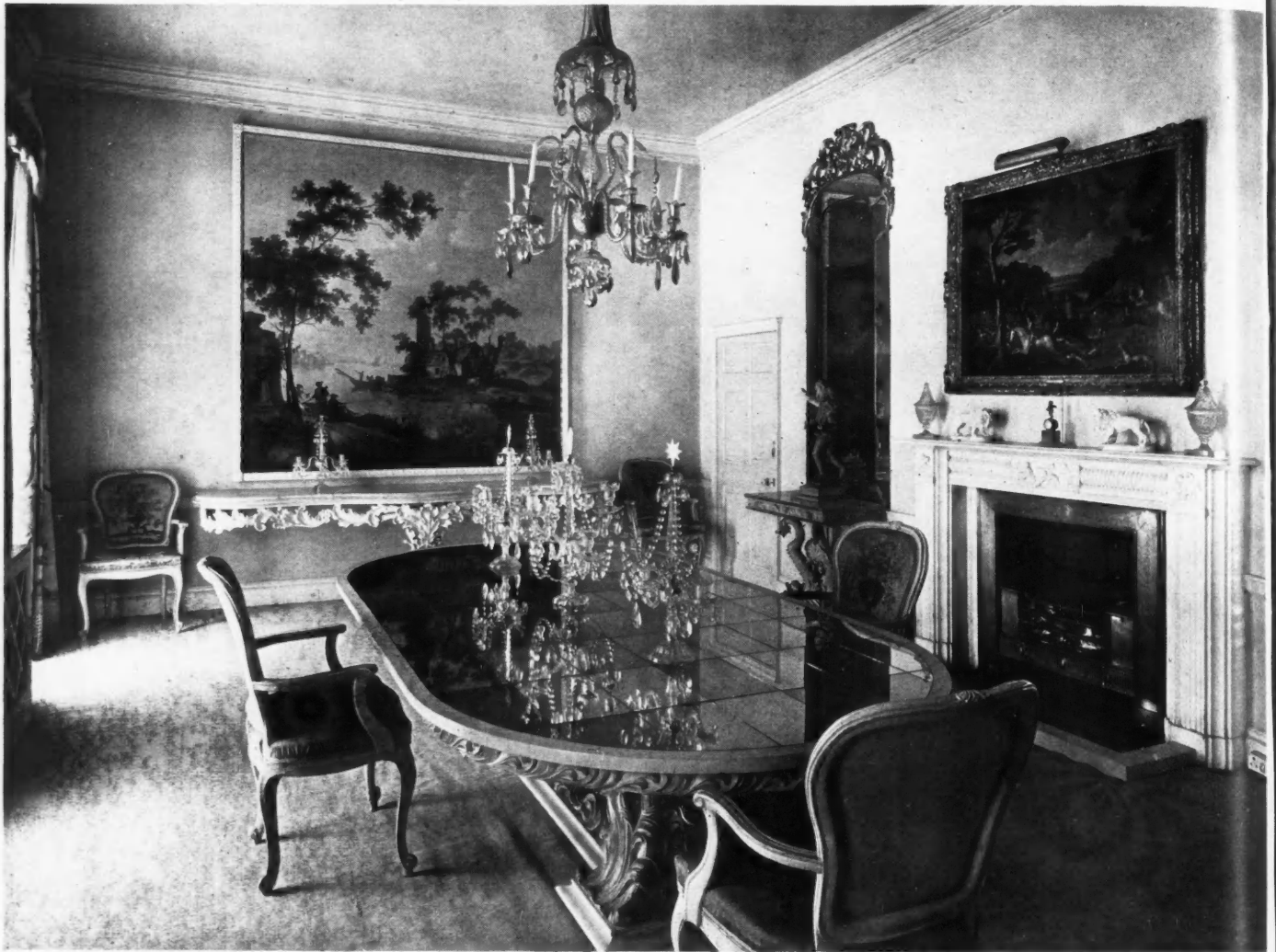
3.—THE LIBRARY, IN THE LITTLE EAST WING. The wings it is suggested were added about 1785 for Admiral Sir Francis Drake

(Right) 4.—ONE OF THE LIBRARY BOOKCASES. Arranged to display the bindings or illustrations of some of the volumes

on the shelves against inclined planes so as to exhibit some of their contents. Where the space is available, and a library contains examples of fine bindings or fine illustrated books, this arrangement is certainly extremely attractive and adds a great deal to the enjoyment of the visitor. It has been seen once before in these pages, when we illustrated Sir Robert Abdy's library at Newton Ferrers, Cornwall—a remarkable house that, alas! has since been largely gutted by fire, though the library and Sir Robert's collection of beautifully bound and illustrated books was fortunately undamaged.

The west wing contains the dining-room (Fig. 5), photographed as it would be arranged if in use, though during the war its functions have been transferred to the smaller room adjoining it illustrated last week. Here, as in the library and indeed throughout the house, the furnishing displays that most agreeable kind of taste, the eclectic, that assembles pieces for their mutual relationships rather than for their belonging to a single period or country. In the library the reader can pick out for himself objects such as the 'Tang horse on the carved pine table, the Pannini overmantel picture, the William and Mary elbow-chairs (besides a fine bureau-bookcase in mulberry wood by Coxed and Woster, not seen in the photographs) ranging to the modern mirrors between the windows and some of Rex Whistler's illustrated volumes on the shelves. These components of the room are drawn from a wide period of time but harmonise with one another and with their setting by reason of their all being expressions, however varied, of a single artistic trend that recurs intermittently throughout history and is called in its European phases classicism. In the dining-room the connecting theme might be described as rococo, in that most of the contents show a marked inclination to curl more or less exuberantly. Most of the furniture was in fact made by Sybil Colefax, the decorator of the house both for its present and





5.—THE DINING-ROOM, IN THE WEST WING

previous owner, for the Duchess of Westminster's house in Little College Street. Here again the emphasis is on the resulting effect, not upon a style or period, and the effect aimed at has been restrained by the simple classical room. The colour scheme is

chiefly French grey and white, with the faded painted silk of the Louis XVI chairs and the grey looking glass of the table-top.

Above the chimneypiece (which is contemporary with the room) is a picture belong-

ing to Mr. Henry Channon, M.P., and being temporarily housed by the Duchess of Westminster. It is, however, singularly appropriate for this room and house which, in some ways, suggests a princely hunting-lodge. It is a highly decorative sporting piece by John Wootton (Fig. 6) that, though it can make

little claim to topographical realism, evidently contains several portraits and probably depicts a notable episode in the sporting life of the gentleman third from the right (who surely commissioned the painting). The episode is of a stag about to be brought to bay in a lake into which the riders are galloping full tilt on the tails of the hounds. Horses and riders are painted with superb gusto and all Wootton's skill, and the landscape and composition generally recall what a good landscape painter in the grand manner he was. What a noble tree that is in the left foreground, and how it makes the picture, by pushing the sporting element into the middle distance!

In the bedrooms more licence has been taken with colour. The two front rooms on the first floor have been made into the owner's flat, the more easterly the bedroom (Fig. 8), the other the dressing-room and wardrobe, with a bathroom. Although these rooms have the upper part of the three-sided bows that extend the area of the ground floor sitting-rooms so usefully, they are still small, and under 7 ft. high, so that the division of function was essential to afford comfortable space. The Duchess's bedroom is hung with a yellow and white striped paper, with lace applied as a cornice border at the top. Against this, several pieces of the furniture are of rich dark colouring; the pagoda-topped bookcase is of dark red lacquer with gilding, and the upholstery of the bed, which



6.—THE END OF A STAG HUNT, BY JOHN WOOTTON
The property of Mr. H. Channon, M.P.

has a shaped head, is dark green with yellow silk embroidered spread. The curtains are white, the pelmets scalloped with translucent silk and trimmed with a dark fringe.

The passage leading off the staircase to the back of the middle part of the house contains the two or three guests' rooms. That shown in Fig. 10 has an apsidal end flanked by two shallow niches. The walls are sulphur yellow, the niches papered with a bold design in purple on white—an original and effective colour scheme. Various entertaining ornaments are introduced in these rooms: this particular one has one of the coloured prints of the Great Exhibition framed over the chest of drawers, on which also stands a Staffordshire pottery ornament depicting Wombwell's Menagerie (Fig. 7). It is a little masterpiece of English 19th-century folk art. The group on the right with the "barker," drummer-boy, and two silent trumpeters, and the left-hand group comprising a hurdy-gurdy man with monkey and small boy eating an ice, are intensely alive; and the various apes and birds above, not to mention the elephant and castle in the middle, have the



8.—THE FRONT BEDROOM: YELLOW AND WHITE STRIPE WALLPAPER, WITH DEEP TONES IN THE FURNITURE



7.—STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY GROUP: WOMBWELL'S CIRCUS. Height 15 ins.



9.—SHELL-WORK ORNAMENTS. Nineteenth Century. Average height 10 ins.

queer vitality of a mediæval bestiary. The group of shell-work figures in Fig. 9 also comes under the heading of folk art, though believed to be the work of that Miss Bearsted, most deft of Victorian shell-workers. Such incredible artistry has long been despised as misplaced and lacking high artistic purpose. Yet how unreplicable such work would be under to-day's enlightened conditions! In striving for the bare, if complex, essentials of modern life, we have lost the time, or skill, for many of the unessentials that made the older life charming. It is because something of that spirit has been caught in the furnishing of this house that Send Grove is so pleasing a home. To create this atmosphere, art and skill are required in the owner of a house besides the services of specialists; and perhaps there is a hint of the extent to which the personal touch has been involved here in the embroidery picture of Send Grove worked by the Duchess of Westminster which is reproduced at the beginning of this article.

Many readers of COUNTRY LIFE will spend holidays away from home this year. If they obtain their copy from a newsagent, may we remind them to let him know in advance whether they wish him to reserve it, cancel it, or post it to their new address; otherwise it may be allocated to the next person on his waiting list.



10.—A BEDROOM WITH YELLOW WALLS AND PURPLE AND WHITE PAPERED ALCOVES

OPEN LETTERS TO SERVICE MEN—VI

THE FUTURE OF VETERINARY PRACTICE

IN this letter I shall call your attention to the opportunities offered by a profession which is, from one point of view, a highly skilled branch of agricultural practice, and shall have a good deal to say of the educational facilities which will be offered you if you decide to train yourself (or to resume your training) for veterinary practice.

There are many callings which will find themselves at the end of this war compelled to take a completely new view of their opportunities and public responsibilities. The opportunities of service confronting the building industries and the architectural and allied professions, for example, need no underlining. The same is true of the whole agricultural industry (if it be given its chance) and, no less, of the skilled professional man whose job it is to design machinery and to continue to develop our modern knowledge of cultivations, fertilisers and seeds.

It is true above all of those whose knowledge and skill will be increasingly required in supervising the health and treating the ailments of the animal population and in giving advice regarding their breeding and physical welfare. The turn which war-time agriculture has taken, though it is based on an immediate expansion of cereal crops, is bound to lead in the long run to an increase in the importance of our herds, and the policy which makes national nutrition the criterion of farming practice has already put them well in the forefront.

MISTAKES OF THE PAST

It is as well that you should realise also how much leeway there is to be made up owing to past and present mishandling of the problems of both animal breeding and animal disease. Last year this country was visited by a number of well-known American farmers who came to see our war-time farming efforts and to take back news of it to their colleagues in the States. It is no secret that they were profoundly shocked by our negligent treatment of the problems of animal husbandry.

The latest figures available on the prevalence of disease and the provision of facilities for its treatment and eradication are certainly disturbing. Take the case of dairy cattle. Apart from haphazard private arrangements, there are to-day 500,000 cattle in attested herds, i.e. with a guarantee that they do not suffer from bovine tuberculosis. In the panel herds which are given periodic examination and treatment for epizootic diseases under the new scheme there are just over 250,000 cows and heifers; about the same number are independently vaccinated against contagious abortion. This means that there are still two and a half million dairy cattle under no veterinary supervision.

It would be a mistake to belittle what has been accomplished in the recent past. The animal population is now relatively safe from the decimation attendant upon the major rapidly-spreading epizootics, and a large industry has been built up with an annual value of some £200,000,000 in animals and their products. But the more insidious diseases have become established at a high level of incidence, and the losses arising from these diseases are now accepted at not less than a minimum of £30,000,000 a year.

CONTROL OF BREEDING

While we are considering the ravages of disease we might cast a glance at another sphere of opportunity for the vet (to give him his popular name)—that of the control of animal breeding. A very fair and apt description of the general standard of livestock in this country was recently given by Professor Rae, of Reading University. While we undoubtedly had a top layer of very fine stock, he said, it represented only a small percentage of the total livestock population. There follow a solid middle of what are generally referred to as "good commercial herds," and after that comes much too big a

tail of unprofitable nondescript animals. At the present time, with the demands for increased milk production and the opportunities offered for feeding stock on the newly-established grass leys that our war-time agricultural economy provides, his statement has particular relevance to the raising and maintenance of dairy herds.

Similarly Professor Rae emphasised the urgency of remedying the shortage of good dairy bulls. He said that the number of dairy or dual-purpose bulls presented for licensing under the Act which were from officially recorded dams is under 20 per cent. From this he argued that what is needed is an increase in the number of milk-recorded herds, the classification of herds, and the adoption of methods whereby bull calves bred in the best herds can be dispersed much more widely throughout the herds of this country. When this has been accomplished the licensing standard can be raised to that much higher level that stockmen would like to see.

I have gone into the matter in considerable detail because it is one of the major problems which impinge upon the area of veterinary practice and show how vast a field lies waiting for veterinary cultivation. The public need of veterinary assistance is great.

In a recent presidential address to the National Veterinary Medical Association, Dr. W. R. Wooldridge maintained with much foresight and common sense that in the future the control of diseases and the treatment of animals actually suffering from them could no longer be regarded as the main occupation of the veterinary surgeon. His advice should be available to the owner upon matters of breeding and rearing, and he should concern himself with the conditions necessary for the promotion and maintenance of health. But in addition he should assist farmers to ensure that all food-stuffs of animal origin, such as milk, meat and eggs, are safe and of the highest quality, and that other products derived from animals, such as medicinal substances, wool, furs, leather, sausage skins and surgical gut, do not have their quality impaired through ill-health or bad husbandry during the life of the animal. Veterinary advice should be constantly available to owners of animals from the time of the choice of parents until conversion into the first post-mortem product. This is a heavy duty which, said Dr. Wooldridge, the profession must be prepared fully to accept.

TRAINING OPPORTUNITIES

So much for the general opportunities and responsibilities of the future. We come now to the more immediate problem of training; and here I shall assume that, if you have seriously thought of making veterinary practice your life-work, you have some general idea of the history and organisation of this highly-skilled and beneficial profession. You will know something of the problem of "unregistered practitioners"—which is too long a story to tell in this letter apart from saying that, if the Government carry out recommendations now before them, much more serious action will be taken in the near future to safeguard agriculture and individual owners of animals from the unskilled and unauthorised attentions of the "quack."

The veterinary profession includes only Fellows and Members of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, established in 1844 by a Royal Charter in which the practice of veterinary medicine was declared for the first time to be a profession. The Council of the Royal College has since that date been responsible for securing a high standard of professional efficiency among its members and for maintaining a high standard of professional education. I need not detain you here by describing in detail the efforts and investigations already in progress with the aim of reorganising and improving the system of education, for you are concerned primarily with the immediate future.

In the past veterinary science and education have lacked the many advantages bestowed

on kindred professions by private endowment, and you may think it strange, in days when a fully organised and perhaps costly system of agricultural education and research is everywhere hailed as an essential move towards national welfare, that the most-needed body of experts dealing with animals should be forgotten. At a time when an agreed long-term policy for the future of the profession and its service to the community is recognised as an essential ingredient in "long-term" policies for agriculture and for human health, the Government must be prepared to do all it can to assist the profession to play its part, remembering that to do this it must be able to live worthily.

The public will no doubt help by getting to know the profession and its duties better and by appreciating more clearly the difference between the veterinary surgeon and the unqualified. Soon, we may hope, conditions will be such that ability and energy among the young will be naturally attracted to this particular vocation. There is also much room for the provision of better opportunities for modern education, especially in the realms of pathology, bacteriology and preventive medicine.

COLLEGE COURSES

This, however, is, at the moment, of only academic interest to you. It is more important to know that every student who wishes to enter upon the course of training for the Diploma of M.R.C.V.S. must make application to the Secretary, Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, 9, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1, and that no student may be registered until he has obtained a certificate in general education which entitles him to be admitted to a faculty in a British University. Details of the qualifying examinations will be given by the R.C.V.S. The course of training lasts over a period of five years and must be taken at a Veterinary School affiliated to the Royal College. The affiliated Veterinary Schools are:

- The Royal Veterinary College and Hospital, Streatley, Berkshire.
- The Royal Veterinary College, Summerhill, Edinburgh, 9.
- The Glasgow Veterinary College, 83, Buccleuch Street, Glasgow, C3.
- Royal Veterinary College of Ireland, Ballsbridge, Dublin, S.E.4.
- The Veterinary School of the University of Liverpool.

The normal course at these schools commences in the last week in September or the first week in October and the year is divided into three terms. I need not trouble you here with details of the successive examinations which carry you to the end of your fifth and final year. There are various questions of exemption from certain of them and also others of obtaining concurrently a University degree (of London, Edinburgh or Liverpool) on which you can obtain full information from the schools or universities concerned. The amount of the tuition fees can be ascertained from the same quarter, but it may be said that they are roughly as follows:

- London.—£14 per term or £40 per session. Extra fee for B.Sc. course, 21 guineas.
- Liverpool.—£30 a year for the M.R.C.V.S. course. £42 for the combined M.R.C.V.S. and B.V.Sc. course.
- Edinburgh.—£34 13s. per session. Extra fees for B.Sc. course approximately £63 (s. 6d.).
- Glasgow.—£14 per term or £35 per session. For the London University Degree course 10 guineas per session extra.

Maintenance expenses will vary, of course, according to individual requirements, but the official estimate is that students will require from £100 to £150 a year. The colleges are not residential, but the respective secretaries will be glad to advise as to suitable lodgings.

You will now have some idea of what you are in for so far as your long and certainly

arduous course of training is concerned and you will be able to decide, perhaps, how far you will be compelled, or be able, to ask the Government for assistance. And here it may be well to point out that there already exist a number of scholarships for rural workers offered by the Ministry of Agriculture annually, of Carnegie Trust Bursaries for Scottish students and of Colonial Veterinary Scholarships from the holders of which vacancies in the Colonial Service may be filled. This raises the question of the future of the State Services.

In addition to the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, which has done such yeoman service in this war, there are the Indian Veterinary Service and the Colonial Veterinary Service, full particulars of which can be obtained from the appropriate Departments.

THE VET'S TASK

As for State Service at home, there has always been a tendency in this country to imagine the veterinary practitioner as an infrequent and not always efficient consultant on the health of domestic pets. Some people know that racehorses of great value have their own medical attendants whose photographs occasionally appear in the newspapers in company with those of their charges. But here the town man's knowledge ends. The veterinary surgeon is still unfortunately tied too much to the occasional care of individual animals. But it should be clear by this time that, looked at from the point of view of the nation, the importance of the animal group eclipses that of the individual.

The task of the veterinary profession is concerned with the herd or flock rather than with the single animal, and it is in this sense that Dr. Wooldridge's statement that "the veterinary practitioner is the physician of the farm and the guarantor of the nation's food supply" should be interpreted. Curative medicine, although invaluable in cases of highly-

prized individual animals, and although giving greater opportunities to the physician or surgeon, is relatively unimportant. The chief medical justification for the existence of the profession is its ability to improve animal health and control their diseases in the mass.

In dealing with large-scale problems of this kind the State must obviously take a hand, and (without expressing any view as to the expediency of universal State control in medicine) it should be pointed out that the State Veterinary Service which was set up with enlarged functions and personnel by the Agriculture Act of 1937 is obviously bound to grow. Its objects are at present to organise, guide and control veterinary effort and not to supersede it. This service, which comprises about 340 whole-time and just under 900 part-time veterinary officers, is bound greatly to extend its programme for the improvement of animal health.

Here, then, I have tried to set out some of the ways in which, if agriculture is allowed to prosper as all political parties have promised, the future is likely to bring increased scope and



GIRL VETERINARY STUDENTS RASPING A HORSE'S TEETH

opportunity for trained veterinarians. If your choice lies in this direction my letter may give you concrete hints on how to proceed, and I wish you all good luck. W. E. B.

Previous Open Letters to Service Men have been published on December 1 and 15, 1944, and January 26, February 16 and March 16, 1945.

OPPORTUNITIES IN MECHANISATION

We have received a number of letters from Service men who wish to know what prospects there are on the land for those interested in mechanisation. J. H., replies:—

THOSE with a little ready capital and an aptitude for business, as well as the ability to carry out most agricultural tillage operations, may find suitable openings fairly readily as contractors for cultivation and harvesting among groups of farmers.

Blacksmiths who are masters of their craft and can additionally undertake agricultural implement repairs will find their services required in many villages.

In agriculture there is no distinctive wage for the specialist—the tractor driver, for example, is rated as an agricultural worker, on a par with the shepherd and the labourer, and as such is subject to the same minimum wage. At present he gets £3 10s. plus overtime pay. Many farmers pay in excess of the statutory minimum, however.

Limited numbers of men who have no practical experience will, it now seems certain, have the opportunity to train. Prospective drivers and driver-mechanics should apply for a course under the Government's agricultural training scheme, when it is announced that applications will be considered.

Applicants selected by a county war committee will be placed on a farm or market garden and will be paid a standard maintenance allowance—not wages—including allowances for wife or other dependants. Accommodation will be provided. There will be no fee for training. At present it must be assumed that the trainee will have to depend upon his own resources in finding a job.

It is probable that the Ministry of Labour will open at least some of its 12 training centres for the free instruction in mechanics and engineering of a limited number of applicants. A scheme is being drafted as part of the Government's bigger national plan for training.

It would seem that those who are already skilled in blacksmithing or who have fitters' or armourers' experience equipping them to follow the trade, will find every assistance. Smiths whose skill is mainly in farriery and wrought-ironwork will need to train part-time in workshop engineering, for that is the type of work offering the best promise.

The Government-aided Rural Industries Bureau, which has been directly responsible for the up-grading of blacksmiths during the war, employs a number of instructors, who cover the whole country with mobile workshops which they take to the forges. They are available to give free instruction in welding and similar work. In addition, the Bureau may run a training centre for blacksmiths.

Encouragement is given to men who wish to re-open a suspended business or start a new one, provided the Bureau is satisfied that there will be no unreasonable competition with any established blacksmith. The Bureau, the address of which is 35, Camp Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19, may be able to assist in finding a suitable business for blacksmiths needing little or no training to equip them for agricultural implement repairing and general forge work. It may also be able to help men seeking employment in blacksmithing.

The Bureau works in close co-operation with the National Council of Social Service which has a loan equipment fund that has been of great help to men wanting to buy machinery. From its fund, the Council buys machinery and delivers it to the place of business; no cash loans are available. Usually, for a modern machine-shop the requirements are a drilling machine, hand-screwing machine, oxy-acetylene welding and cutting plant and an electric forge. From £150 to £200 will buy the plant, but the Council prefers not to put a maximum on the sum laid out.

The loan is interest-free and the principal can be paid off over any mutually-acceptable period up to two years. Commonly, repayment is made at the rate of one-quarter to one-third of the purchase-price on delivery, with subse-

quent payments monthly. This scheme does not extend to the purchase of a business.

Applications for assistance are generally made through one of the 23 rural community councils, which are the local representatives of the National Council. Their addresses can be obtained from county war committees or County Council offices. A Rural Industries organiser will make arrangements for training where that is desirable.

In specially approved cases where agricultural implements and machinery are required for contracting work, approval may be obtained from a county war committee to start a business in its area. Then the committee would also be prepared to purchase the implements and tractor under the Agricultural Goods and Services Scheme. The cost of the goods, including carriage, is repayable, with interest at 5 per cent. per annum, by a mutually agreed date, but not later than three years after purchase.

Most of the tractor and agricultural implement firms are accustomed to dealing with customers who get financial assistance from private credit-advancing companies. As an example, a first payment of 10 to 25 per cent. of the total cost is paid by the purchaser direct to the supplier on delivery of the goods and the finance company issues a cheque for the remainder and takes over the debt, which is paid off by instalments plus interest and annual charges of roughly 5 per cent. Manufacturing firms can introduce purchasers to such a company.

When purchases are being made through a county committee, one of its officers will normally advise on the implements most suitable. Generally a complete set includes, in addition to a general-purpose tractor, a semi-digger plough, 21-tine cultivator, spring-tine harrow, riding plough, discs, Cambridge roll and trailer for fuel, etc. The cost of the tractor may be from £190 to £300 and of the other implements approximately another £200 to £250. The advice of a county committee should be sought where possible, so that no equipment is bought that is not likely to be often enough in use to pay for itself.

REUNION

A Golf Commentary
by BERNARD DARWIN

THIS is surely a time at which a certain amount of chortling is permissible and on this fine sunny day I propose to indulge myself in a chortle. If it seems superficially an egotistical one it may yet appeal to others in somewhat similar circumstances, who have had to endure all sorts of things which I have been spared and so have far more acute cause for rejoicing. The fact is that in a very short time I hope to be reunited to two sets of old friends, my golf clubs and my golf library, from which I have been divorced for the best part of a year. Others, I know, have borne an infinitely longer separation, but hard on ten months is quite long enough. If it be asked how I came to desert my clubs for so long I can only plead that I am like the man who went away for a week-end and stayed ten years. It so chanced that I left home for a fortnight and then from one cause or another, including a house with some holes in it, have been away ever since.

My clubs and I have once before been apart and for much longer than this. During the last war we only saw each other once in two years and a half, but then I had accumulated a small set of new friends, one from Alexandria, one scrounged from the Red Cross and three which had braved the perils of the deep to come to me all the way from J. H.'s shop at Richmond. We had become very intimate and there was some question how they would hit it off with those awaiting me at home. This time it is different: save for a few shots last Summer with borrowed clubs I have had no chance of being seduced from my old loyalties.

It cannot be denied that other people's clubs have a certain meretricious fascination. There are few of us that have not at some time or other broken the commandment against coveting our neighbour's club, especially perhaps his putter, which if taken out for a little casual practice can scarcely keep the ball out of the hole. But as there is no place like home, so in the long run, be they ever so humble—and my friends are apt to think mine but a raggle-taggle crew—there are no clubs like our own. Their grips are familiar to the hand in a way that no stranger can attain. I believe mine to be safe and sound, for I have seen them on one flying visit, and I hope that in spite of being so basely deserted they are yearning for their master as he is yearning for them.

Whether reunions of this sort can ever be quite so affecting and so overflowing with joy as they once were is, it must be confessed, doubtful. Now that clubs are bought not separately but in sheaves, there is something lacking. My playing set, if I may so term it, came one and all out of the same shop on the same day not so very long before this war began and so have no particular histories or memories. I can imagine them giving three reasonably hearty cheers on meeting me again, but at best they will do so taking time from the brassey and not as individual friends. I expect a warmer welcome from one or two not in my bag that have for years lived in honourable retirement in the cupboard. It is their battered old heads that I long most keenly to see again. It is on their necks, bent or otherwise, that I shall weep the most heartfelt tears.

It may be that the clubs in the bag have sometimes grumbled at their master's absence and have been snubbed by one or two of the veterans in the cupboard. "Why, you scarcely know him," I can fancy a rusty old putting cleek growling at them. "He bought me at Sandwich when he played in his first University match, heaven knows how many years ago, before steel shafts and stainless heads were born or thought of. You might not think it to look at me but I was a driving cleek then. You've had an easy life, you have. What do you know of having your shaft cut down, as mine was when Master took a fancy to putting with me? What do you know of having your head made red-hot and your neck twisted and your face knocked-up? A famous club-doctor,

Jack White, did that to me at Worlington, and a very painful operation it was. Ah! I was a lovely little putting cleek once, till I got too thin in the face with hard work, and then Master had a bit of metal clamped on to the back of my head, as you see it now. It spoilt my looks and I was never the same again and now I'm a sheer hulk, no use to anyone. All the same, you'll see that one of the first things Master does when he gets home will be to take me out on the lawn and give me a putt, just for old sake's sake."

At that point a lofting iron, with a curious bulgy back, has probably joined in the conversation. He and the little cleek are old friends and would normally make common cause against the interlopers, but he cannot stand such boastfulness. "Don't give yourself airs," he says. "If it comes to oldness I'm a whole age older than you. Do you realise that when I was forged there was no such thing as a mashie? Try to get that into your ugly reinforced head. And then you talk about University matches. Why, Master played with me when he was a schoolboy. Many a ball I've pitched for him over ditches and willow-trees. Did you ever see Athens and Cuckoo Weir and the long hole between the plough and the river towards Boveney? Of course you didn't. So not so much of it, please. You're an infant in arms compared with me, who played at Aberdovey before the Cader green was ever made." And while this little quarrel is going on the new shiny steel-shafted clubs in the bag will have been tittering among themselves and wondering what on earth those two poor old fossils are mumbling about.

Well, in a good hour be it spoken, it will be very pleasant to see them all again and particularly pleasant, if doubtless painful to the back, to have a full swing again with one of the new clubs, for except for a few chips on a miserably small lawn with a mashie with a palpably drunken shaft, not one single stroke of any kind have I had since August. The grass will not be too long yet and surely I shall be able to find some not too inhospitable field,

WHAT IS WRONG WITH BEE-KEEPING?

By C. N. BUZZARD

PERHAPS the only consolation to beekeepers for a bad honey harvest is afforded by the comfortable habit indulged in by bees of lying snugly in bunches in their hives, once the arrival of Winter prevents them from going out. They then need little attention. True, one may have had to give them far more sugar than is profitable, but, bless them! perhaps they will do better next year! So the average bee-keeper philosophically tries to forget the shortcomings of his well-intentioned pets and visualises great things in the future.

To me, whose bee-keeping experiences until a few years ago were limited to the South of France, the results of last season were particularly disappointing. In the French Riviera, near the coast line, bee-keeping was said to be impracticable unless the bees were sent to the mountains every Summer. There being no rain, generally speaking, between April and October, save in those mountains, there were few wild flowers worth mentioning after the month of May. Rather than transport my hives to the mountains—a troublesome business—I succeeded in obtaining a very moderate harvest by sowing acres of unprofitable rocky ground with Bokhara or Hubam clover, a trefoil resembling lucerne which attains a height of from six to nine feet, covered with little white flowers. This plant is said to be the most melliferous

even if my own be full of alien horses. But before I make that agonising attempt there will be the meeting with my golf books, likewise full of happy tears. I really think that after so long a period of starvation I shall be able to read the "Elementary Instruction" chapter in the *Badminton* all over again, my dear *Badminton* that is in so terribly senile a condition that cover and pages alike have to be tenderly held together as I read. Sir Walter Simpson too is "calling and calling in my ears"; in one chapter laying down the most minute and, as I sometimes regretfully think, fallacious instruction; in the next pouring delightful contempt on all style and all tips and insisting on the single imperative "Hit the ball." And then there is Clark's great work *Golf: a Royal and Ancient Game*, and the chronicles of the old Blackheath golfers, with their feasts on fine turtles from Tobago and their marriage noggins, nor must I forget the life of Tom Morris.

I have a fancy, too, to renew my acquaintance with the Rev. J. G. McPherson, the old gentleman who used to annoy me so much when I was younger because he insisted that "Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine," or rather, to be more literal, in St. Andrews in the days of Young Tommy. Modern golfers, with their patent lofters, were to him a race of decadent impostors. His "modern" seems to the golfers of to-day almost prehistoric, and perhaps I have a little more sympathy with him than I once had, though he can still be intensely irritating in his self-sufficiency. At any rate he shall have his turn and so shall the old *Golfing Annuals*, both red and green. It is all a dangerously attractive prospect and I am shaking my left leg as hard as I can and touching wood in order to avert the evil chance. I feel a little like a little girl—she was little once—of my acquaintance who, on being told that she was to be given a dog, said: "May I get under the table to think about it?" One thing I do hope, namely that a faithful gardener has mown the little patch by the front door on which there is a single hole agreeably large. I am sure he has, and if so I shall scarcely have leapt from the car before I take out a ball and a club for a home-coming putt. The old cleek shall not be disappointed.

plant in the world. In that climate the seed was scattered without ploughing, so it cost me practically nothing. I have not succeeded in growing it in this economical way in England, although I have tried on common land (condemned by agricultural authorities as useless save for rough grazing), but of course it can easily be cultivated in this country.

When I came to Great Britain, I had visions of seeing tiers of supers on every hive and of extracting hundreds of pounds of honey from a single hive. The record in this country, I believe, is something like 400 lb., and in America 700. Yet from what I saw in Hampshire last year, and from what I have learned from conversations with bee-keepers, I gather that the average figure was less last year than what I usually obtained in France.

I think it was either Confucius, or his disciple Wen, who said:—

"Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

In my struggles against adverse circumstances in the difficult Mediterranean climate I expected so little, but here, I feel, there is something drastically wrong. Moreover, in examining some old records kept here during several years in the pre-war period, I notice that results were on quite a generous scale.

The curious thing was that, in the very strong hives I examined early last year, I

found that the bees drew out all the wax sheets in the sections with the greatest rapidity and commenced filling the cells with honey with such ardour that I thought we should be short of supers. This was during the lime-tree blossoming period, but after that there was a complete slump. There is no doubt that a very dry Spring with much north-easterly wind prevented the white clover and other plants from yielding much nectar.

This question of weather conditions affecting the amount of nectar from flowers is an extremely interesting one, and I do not know that it has been much studied. But it is certain that without periodic rains or much atmospheric moisture, flowers yield very little. Dr. Phillips, one of the leading apicultural authorities in America, was kind enough to visit my home in France on a hot Summer day some years ago, and as we walked through a field of Bokhara clover, where the bees were working on the plants with a noise resembling several swarms, he pointed out that the insects were settling long in each flower, and that therefore they were finding it difficult to extract nectar. He told me that it was much more propitious if one saw bees just inserting their tongues for an instant in a flower and then passing on to the next. He was certainly right, judging by the results that year, in spite of the apparent ecstasy of the bees.

I had the patience last year to watch a single solitary garden plant to find out how long two bees worked on it without returning to their hive. There were perhaps twenty blossoms on the plant—borage, if I remember rightly—and these two were the only bees to visit it, except for a few humble bees. The length of a visit during which they settled on or flew about the plant, was approximately 40 minutes, without returning to their hive.

I am inclined to think that the main factor which militates against heavy yields over here is the fact that so much of the land is now sown with corn and roots, owing to war necessities. There has been probably no reduction in hives, rather the contrary, and, walking around our neighbourhood, and indeed in several other parts of the country, I have come to the conclusion that there is very often not enough pasture for the existing number of hives—corn nearly everywhere and when the farmers grow a few fields of clover, they naturally prefer the richer red variety to the white Dutch, and of course the red clover flower is of no use to domestic bees, whose tongues are not long enough to extract the nectar. As I pointed out in my article in COUNTRY LIFE of July 7, 1944, the fact that bees take up a "stance" over a few flowers, and return to those which they forsake only when they fade or are destroyed, means that an acreage of a melliferous crop will suffice only for a certain number of bees.

I think it will be found that while so much corn is grown on English fields, we cannot expect a return to the handsome honey production of pre-war days. There will, of course, be the usual fluctuations in succeeding harvests, due to atmospheric conditions, as at present.

I have been struck since my arrival in England with the number of private houses where nests of bees have comfortably installed themselves, under roofs or floors, and appear to continue working year after year. It may be coincidence, but, in the past year, I have come across three such cases.

In the first, the bees were under the roof of a veranda. They had been there for several years. In the second case the bees were in a vicarage beneath a bathroom floor, and there they had been for over twenty years. But recently, staying in a William and Mary house in Wiltshire, I was shown a nest in the extreme corner of the roof, where bees had been working for certain for twenty-five years, and probably longer. A second nest was in a flue in the other end of the roof. The flues in the old building appear to be very complicated in design, as I was told that when efforts were made to clear the old passages, the result was the egress from the chimney of a number of angry jackdaws, while sooty bees descended into the disused fireplace of an empty room. I left it at that.

The curious thing about such nests of bees

is that they get on so well without anyone to look after them, but I noticed the same thing in France. A delightful former sea-faring friend of mine, well known to many British visitors, who hired out motor boats in Cannes, had a little garden and vineyard near my home. He knew absolutely nothing about apiculture, but had for many years kept bees in a hollowed-out piece of a trunk of a tree. I think he found this in the vineyard when he bought the ground. There was a small entry hole bored out near the base of the wooden cylinder, and the top of this very elementary hive was closed with a piece of wood, a few flat tiles and a heavy stone. There were, of course, no frames, no sheets of wax, no floorboards; nothing.

For seven years my farmer and I used to go every Autumn and remove from ten to fifteen pounds of honey-comb from that "hive." We used to hack it out with a knife, and place it on a large meat dish. I left enough for the bees for the Winter. This "hive" was visited by no one but ourselves, and then only once a year to extract the comb. I suppose there were swarms, but no one noticed them, and they doubtless departed unpursued to find distant homes.

I have very fond recollections of these visits, as the occasion was always celebrated by a wonderful lunch, and Celestin, as he was called, was reputedly one of the best cooks in Provence. In spite of the fact that no one inspected these bees, or tucked them up for the Winter, or requeened them, or fed them, or cleaned or painted the hive, the moderate portion of excellent honey was always forthcoming.

I remember I rather sheepishly confessed my annual pilgrimage to this unorthodox apiary to a great modern expert in bee-keeping, one who, so to speak, lived in an atmosphere of bees and smoke. I described how pleasantly successful was this barbaric system of apiculture but spoke rather apologetically. I remember that this well-known apiculturist, the inventor of various modern hives and gadgets, looked at me with an expression like that on the face of a distinguished medical specialist when you suggest that some malady you have been suffering from has been cured by some quack remedy! Anyhow, with the present scarcity of hives and wax I recommend the tree trunk—but no! this is rank heresy!

I suppose many readers know of houses inhabited by bees, where the owners are too merciful to destroy the nests, while, at the same time, they would like to see what vast stores of honey are stored beneath their floors after years of uninterrupted nectar gathering. It is somewhat impracticable to chisel open a floor with fifty thousand bees waiting for you beneath it. But, it is perhaps not generally known that there is a method of hiving such bees, and afterwards removing the honey. I have known it to have been done successfully only in the case of a friend of mine who asked Professor Baldensperger if he could remove a nest of bees from the trunk of one of his olive trees and hive it. Baldensperger accepted the challenge.

There is, of course, no difference between dealing with a nest in a tree trunk and a nest in a house.

The essential things needed are a hive,

with frames and wax, and a complacent bee-keeper (who might be encouraged by optimistic promises of a proportion of honey found), two bee "escapes," a frame or plug in which to fix these, and a little platform or rope or tackle. Assuming that the hole of egress of the bees is found, the hive must be placed within two feet of this. The hive may either be mounted on rough scaffolding or slung on a tackle from an upper window or roof. The "bee escapes" should be fastened in a frame or cork which will have to be fixed in or over the egress hole. I should propose using two, as vain and unimaginative drones sometimes think they can get through, get stuck and block the gangway.

Having fixed the frame by night, when the bees are all in (so as to avoid unnecessary altercations with the inmates), the complacent bee-keeper must supply one or two frames of brood, preferably with eggs. These must be placed in the hive early on the morrow. It is, of course, inadvisable to leave them to get cold in the hive at night. The bees now will leave the house to forage, and, being unable to re-enter,



PLACING A WINTER STORE OF CANDY IN A HIVE AT A MONMOUTHSHIRE APIARY

will fly about and should be attracted by the brood. After a day or two, most of the bees should have been transferred.

Before opening up the floors to get the honey it would be advisable to kill with sulphur fumes the queen, drones, and a number of young workers who will probably still remain. The bees in the new hive will be sure to raise their own queen if they have eggs. (Queen eggs are unnecessary).

It will probably be advisable to shut adjacent windows during the operation, as the exasperated bees may seek roundabout ways to enter their old hive. The hive must be moved to its new site either two feet only every day, or to a distance of at least a mile and a half. Otherwise the bees when out foraging will mostly return to the old position. The alternative, if you have made a platform, is to leave the bees there till the Winter before removing the hive.

The frame or plug should be easily detachable, so that in the event of failure, the obstruction may be removed and the bees return to their old "hive." Preparations should be made during the Winter. The experiment should not be actually carried out until the honey flow in Spring.

CORRESPONDENCE

HIBERNATING DAFFODILS

SIR,—Since the sea flood of 1938, in East Norfolk, which covered an area of 7,500 acres, most of it for about 100 days, there have been countless instances of the survival of seed, which lies dormant for so many years until salinity drops sufficiently and then germinates. The following instance, however, of the survival of bulbs is much more difficult to understand.

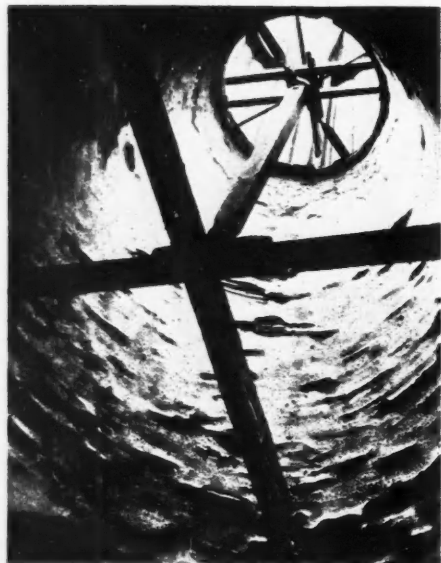
In the Autumn of 1937, my wife planted a mixed lot of daffodil bulbs from the Scilly Islands in a wood, appropriately called Floating Meadow Wood, which was covered by the flood from February 11, 1938, for roughly three months. Nothing more was seen or thought of the daffodils until the Spring of 1945, when Hey Presto! there they are in full bloom, and quite a lot of them of different sorts. In that wood only two trees have completely survived, two oaks which must have stood on fresh-water springs about 100 yards apart and have shown throughout practically no signs of distress. There are also two or three oaks near the daffodils, which put out a few leaves each year and may possibly just survive. Why did not the daffodil bulbs rot in the 8-year period of hibernation?

Some double daffodils on the water side of the bank surrounding Horsey Mere, began to flower again a year or two ago. They did so earlier than those in Floating Meadow Wood no doubt because the mere is constantly washed by water pumped into a dyke that leads into it from upstream and out of the flooded area, and also by water coming from the opposite direction when the rivers are banked up by a north-west wind and flow backwards up-stream.—ANTHONY BUXTON, *Horsey Hall, near Great Yarmouth.*

THE PORCUPINE'S ARROWS

From the Right Hon. L. S. Amery.

SIR,—I notice that Major Jarvis, in one of the latest of his always interesting articles, dismisses "the belief that the porcupine's spines are fired like arrows" as an optical illusion created by the rapidity of the creature's movements. I confess I had always thought the "shooting" of the porcupine's quills a legend until convinced by ocular evidence to the contrary—so far at least as the Canadian porcupine is concerned.



THE HOP'S-EYE VIEW

See letter: A Hop-Kiln Photograph

In this particular instance I was trying to photograph a porcupine climbing up a small tree. As I advanced to get a good close-up my companion stopped me at about five yards distance, telling me that at any closer range I might expect several quills through my face and hands; at the same moment the porcupine discharged a small shower of quills which fell just short of me. They were all short quills—not more than two inches long if I remember rightly—flicked from that muscular excrescence at the base of the tail to which Major Jarvis refers. The porcupine was otherwise perforce motionless as it was holding on to the tree. My companion told me that he had seen dogs blinded at several yards distance or their noses filled with these small barbed quills.

I believe the hamadryad deliberately spits poison at some distance, but is there any other animal that has anticipated man's invention of the bow and arrow?—L. S. AMERY, 112, Eaton Square, S.W.1.

A HOP-KILN PHOTOGRAPH

SIR,—Most of us know and love the pointed cones of the Kent and Sussex oast houses, but the view here shown will be new to the average observer. It was taken inside an oast house at Ightham, from the floor of the drying-room, looking up into the cone to the open sky.—E. M. BARRAUD, *Little Eversden, Cambridgeshire.*

THE HARVEST BUG

From Lady Barker.

SIR,—Having suffered much in my time from the ravages of the harvest bug, I offer Major C. S. Jarvis the following facts from my experience. First, as I know it, it appears to the eye like a thread of black, or occasionally brown, fine cotton, so short as to be seen with difficulty on a white sheet. But *Chambers's Encyclopedia* (1908) describes it as bright scarlet or vivid crimson in colour, yet records its habits as I (too painfully) have experienced them. The irritation cannot be allayed till the bug is extracted from the skin, in which it buries itself. In addition to being found (as the *Encyclopedia* says) in gardens and on wild vegetation and near the sea, I have found it among heather and in carnations. In fact if one shakes a carnation over a sheet of white paper, some of the black variety usually appear.

At Varengeville Plage, in Normandy, in 1913, we rented a villa which had an imposing flight of stone steps leading nowhere in particular, from the gravelled terrace to the lower part of the neglected garden. The steps were little used. Passing them on one occasion, I noticed a large portion of the top step covered with what appeared to be a black stain. On closer investigation, I found the "stain" was alive and wriggling and was in fact composed of a mass of these black bugs which had apparently just hatched out, from where I could not guess. They were destroyed, and further insects of the same sort appeared for the next day or two, but in lesser numbers. It was very hot thundery weather, overcast and oppressive and I associate the pests especially with this sort of weather.

To avoid their ravages, it is important to protect the bare flesh

from contact with vegetation. Never sit or lie upon the grass or in heather, and, if picking fruit or working among flower borders, it is essential to wear stockings and slacks or dungarees. Short skirts and short sleeves are an invitation. They do not appear to enter the skin for some hours after they have made contact with one's body, and if one suspects their presence, it is wise to remove all clothes, shaking them carefully over a white sheet and searching them for these tiny thread-like objects, and then to take a bath and put on fresh clothes, being careful to destroy each insect found. They do not appear to jump, and are easy to dispose of if one knows what one is looking for. If they enter the skin, they must be removed with a fine sharp needle, and if the wound is swollen some squeezing may be necessary. Iodine can be applied afterwards.—HELENE M. BARKER, *Verralls Oak, Egerton, Kent.*

A CASTLE WITH ITS OWN MILL

SIR,—Many visitors to Bamburgh, Northumberland, must be puzzled about the round tower which stands overlooking the sea from within the castle walls. Actually it is all that remains of a windmill that was used to grind corn for the castle residents until the eighteenth century.

During a pre-war visit to Bamburgh I was shown an old print of the castle in which the windmill was portrayed with its sails. In such a setting it was a welcome touch of the plebeian, if not a little curious.—G. B. WOOD, *Leeds.*

VILLAGE AND CHEMIST

SIR,—How are the villages of a few hundred inhabitants to get their bottles of medicine under the National Health Service?

May they take as a good omen of what is to happen to them the reversal of a recent decision by the Pharmaceutical War Committee which sought to deprive a large area of our Yorkshire dales of their one dispensing chemist?

Under the existing National Health Insurance Act all such out-of-the-way spots are already visited by medical men, who receive a special payment for their trouble. Nothing could be simpler, or more fair, than to continue that practice and to include in some such subsidy the services of a dispensing chemist.

We pharmacists maintain that, in the interest of their own health, every man and woman in the land must have reasonable access to their pharmaceutical unit under the new service.—FRANK C. WILSON, M.P.S., *Bradford, Yorkshire.*

THE CORRIEYARRICK

SIR,—I have enjoyed reading Alasdair Alpin MacGregor's account of his walk over the Corrieyarrick in 1936, but was a little disappointed that the kindly gentleman who, local gossip has it, walks the Pass, did not reveal himself to one of such Celtic temperament as the writer of the article. I number among my friends more than one who believe they have been spoken to by this shepherd, who is always accompanied by his collie, and who always asks the same question: "Where are you going?"

On the several times I have walked the Pass I have been as unfortunate as Mr. MacGregor, but that there is something odd about the Pass I have

been forced to believe, owing to the behaviour of the dogs which have shared my walks. Invariably they have shown disinclination to run ahead when nearing the top of the Pass, which, I am informed, is the haunt of the shepherd, but have gleefully raced ahead when the summit has been passed going either east or west. It would be interesting to know whether this has been the experience of any other of your readers.—ROSALYN COLAM, *The Machrie, Isle of Islay.*



THE CASTLE WINDMILL, BAMBURGH

See letter: A Castle with its own Mill

THE SHIRE OF SQUIRES AND SPIRES

SIR,—In the very interesting article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of April 13, *The Shire of Squires and Spires*, the writer, at the end, after visiting Sulgrave returned "to Helmdon and back with a direct run to the Pomfret Arms at Towcester." I would venture to suggest he would have done better to return via the most southern tip of the shire, a point to which he was near.

The village of Aynhoe is the last in the south of the county and one of the most charming, famous for the apricot trees that grow on every cottage. Here, too, is the lovely home of one of the oldest families of "squires" in the county.

Leaving Aynhoe for Towcester you pass Croughton Church with its 13th-century wall paintings and beautiful carved oak pews, on through Brackley, a small market town with attractive wide street planted with trees and grass on either side. Brackley is one of the oldest boroughs in the county and has a little history of its own. The traveller can now return on the main road direct to Towcester.—M. WILLIS PRICE, *Woodstock, Oxfordshire.*

SEA BIRDS AND OIL

SIR,—I wish something could be done to prevent the cruel deaths of sea birds battered powerless on rocks and beach owing to escaped oil from our oil-run ships.

In Cornwall last September we frequently saw as many as eight or nine such birds in one small cove; they were extraordinarily tame. They were all quite easy to catch and seemed tragically trusting that we could help their sad plight.

Local inhabitants told us that this waste oil resembles in colour and texture a shoal of fish, and this is why a sea bird deliberately dives into it.

Perhaps something could be done to this oil so that it in no way resembled such shoals and so the birds would be saved from a death of starvation

or battering?—DODO ATCHERLEY-WRIGHT, *Glasscocks, Sandhurst, Kent.*

We are informed by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds that, owing to the difficulty of getting international agreement, the legislation for which they were pressing before the war, which would have made the emission into the sea of oil in a condition dangerous to bird life illegal, was not obtained. The matter will be reopened as soon as possible after the war. Meanwhile the following instructions are given in a leaflet issued by the Society to all enquirers:

If the birds which have come in contact with oil are badly affected the first thing to do is to put them out of their misery as quickly as possible.

If they have not much oil on them, the best method of cleaning them is as follows:—

Rinse castor oil gently into the feathers; this will loosen the damaging oil. Leave the oil on for two hours and then wash in warm soap suds and water, taking care not to touch the head. It is as well to cover the head with a soft cloth of very fine material to avoid being pecked.

The bird must not be allowed to return to the sea until it is absolutely dry and vigorous. The best food for them is raw herrings cut into strips, sprats and small smelts, and tiny pieces of raw beef.

It is necessary to keep the bird for two or three days, owing to its weakness, provide it with a bath of water, sea water preferably.—ED.]

NATIONAL OPEN SPACES

SIR,—We fight to keep our open spaces and yet in many cases treat them as insanitary dustbins! Hampstead Heath, for instance, is strewn with rubbish.

It used to be said that when hansom cabs died they went to Oxford: bottles apparently go to our national beauty spots and drag out their old age in smashed abandon.—FRANCES K. EVANS, *Windrush, Windmill Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3.*

A SAXON CHAPEL

SIR,—I send you a snapshot of the Saxon chapel at Deerhurst, Gloucestershire, which was discovered in 1885, forming part of a farm-house. It is only a short distance from the parish church, which is also Saxon.

Still more strangely, in 1675 there was found, somewhere near, an inscribed stone recording the dedication by Earl Odda on April 12, 1056, of

a church which, until the discovery of this little chapel, was believed to be the parish church. Now there is little doubt that it refers to this smaller chapel, which is of great interest as a dated building of that period. It has a typical doorway and the usual "long-and-short work" at the corners of the west wall.—M. W., *Hereford.*

HARDWOODS FOR THE FUTURE

SIR,—From time to time country-lovers complain (not entirely without reason) that hardwoods are being gradually eliminated in favour of softwoods. However, the accompany-



SOWING OAKS

See letter: *Hardwoods for the Future*

ing photographs may provide a few moments' solace. One shows the sowing of acorns and the other the sowing of beechmast: the actual sowing is being done by the man in the background: the boy in one foreground is pressing sown mast into the soil before the bed is covered. Rather over 120 lb. of acorns were sown, in mid-February, and nearly 140 lb. of beechmast, in March. But I cannot say in how many places in England oak and beech trees are being propagated on this scale. The covering of wire-netting and lath shelters visible at the edge of the beech-sowing snapshot is the protection provided against wood-pigeons for a slightly earlier sowing. This previous sowing was covered with fine white sand, but the later had the natural woodland soil, manured with a hopwaste-cum-blood compost, sifted over it. The acorns also were covered with natural soil.—WOODMAN, *Oxford.*

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH

SIR,—When gathering sea-lavender one day on the Furness saltings, I encountered this long-tailed field mouse—*Mus sylvaticus* L. Although members of the mouse family are so numerous they are seldom photographed in wild surroundings: one reason is their liking for thick herbage, another their nocturnal habit. Usually it is necessary to find a well-used run, bait a portion of it and wait an unpredictable time with camera focused on the spot for the elusive subject to appear. This little fellow was running about the dried-up tidal pools, with the utmost unconcern, on a sunlit stretch in mid-afternoon.

Having a reflex camera in hand I was lucky in obtaining some pictures of him with very little trouble. Like the diminutive goldcrest, mice and voles do not appear to recognise by sight an object as large as a human being: but a movement or the slightest sound or vibration of the



A LONG-TAILED FIELD MOUSE OUT BY DAY

See letter: *A Rare Photograph*

and its similarity to a pigeon is doubtless due to the ineptitude or ignorance of the sculptor.

The falcon is a common bird in heraldry.—R. ST. JOHN B. BATTERSBY (R.N.V.R.), *Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham, Kent.*

A CUCKOO WITH THE R.A.F.

SIR,—One day while I was cycling near the hangars of the aerodrome to which I was then attached, at about 11.40 hours, I heard a pair of cuckoos in the vicinity and the female gave her "bubbling call."

I became very excited on hearing this call as it is only made by the female and usually indicates that the egg has been, or shortly will be, laid; so I decided to keep a strict watch on them during the lunch hour.

At 12.30 hours the female was discovered in an oak tree where she was presently joined by the male. Her heavy and laboured flight from the oak tree to a willow tree nearer the hedge at 12.30 hours was suggestive of her intention to lay shortly.

I took cover to watch, and at 13.10 hours she glided from the willow tree to a bush in the hedge at a spot

where, up to this moment, no nest had been found. She was about 20 yds. away, and with the aid of the glasses I saw her hop to the edge of a nest and take a look round to assure herself the coast was clear. She then bent her head and picked an egg from the nest in her beak. Even from that distance I could identify it as that of a hedge-sparrow. Still holding the egg in her beak she settled on to the nest, and after a second or two I noticed the slight depression of the tail indicating the act of laying. She then half turned in the nest and, with the egg still in her beak, flew away and over the trees to eat it.

I went to the spot and discovered two eggs of the hedge-sparrow and the egg she had laid and substituted for the one she had stolen.

Incidentally I did not know of this nest, and assumed that either of the nests of two linnets or one each of a whitethroat, greenfinch, chaffinch or a yellow-hammer, all within 40 yds. of the perching tree, might have been graced with her favours. It was a surprise that this nest had escaped my eye, but it evidently had not escaped hers.

The egg was quite unlike the beautiful blue eggs of her victims,



SOWING BEECH TREES

See letter: *Hardwoods for the Future*

earth causes them to vanish in a twinkling.

Last Summer—August 7—I watched a shrew carrying materials for her nest in a crevice of a wall. I heard a loud rustling at the base of a small burnt rose-bush. After a moment out ran the tiny creature carrying a dried rose-leaf in its mouth. It streaked for home over a couple of yards at the foot of the wall without cover of any sort. It continued to work at express speed from 8 p.m. until 8.30, squealing with excitement every time it approached its hole. It was working again in bright sunlight at noon the following day.—CATHERINE M. CLARKE, *Fayrer Holme, Windermere, Westmorland.*

[*Apodemus sylvaticus* is normally a nocturnal mouse, preferring to travel under cover of darkness, so our correspondent was remarkably fortunate to find this one wandering about by day.—ED.]

A BIRD IN THE HAND

SIR,—The "unusual object" on a tomb mentioned by your correspondent (April 6) is the crest of the family of Acland of Landkey. It is not a pigeon but a "falcon perched,"



A FARM-HOUSE WHICH IS IN PART A SAXON CHAPEL

See letter: *A Saxon Chapel*

having an off-white ground colour covered evenly all over the egg with minute chocolate brown spots.

I remained to watch the return of the hen hedge-sparrow; she did not appear to be at all perturbed by the deceit played upon her, seeming not to notice the dissimilar egg in the nest. Eventually she completed her full clutch of eggs and commenced the patient business of incubating.

The whole of my watch lasted 92 minutes, but the flight to the nest and the laying of the egg took approximately a minute and a half, the latter being carried out in the absence of the foster-parents, but whether they were in the vicinity of the nest and saw the substitution I cannot say. However, I very much doubt it, as they would have approached the cuckoo on its visit to the nest and made some signs of approval or otherwise.—**BERTRAM M. A. CHAPPELL** (Corpl., R.A.F.V.R.), 18, Westbury Crescent North, Oxford.

[It is interesting to note how closely our correspondent's experience corresponds with that described by Mr. Edgar Chance in his book *The Truth About the Cuckoo*.—ED.]

OLD SUFFOLK BELL-RINGERS

SIR,—Now that victory is so near and Mr. Churchill has intimated that a most fitting manner of celebrating our deliverance should be by our church bells—this most characteristic of

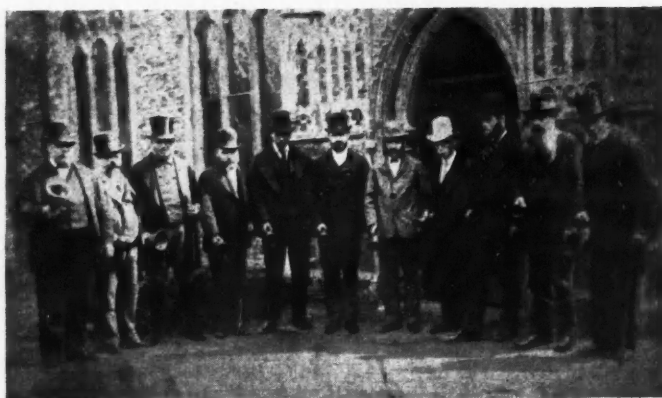


THE OLD FRESSINGFIELD COMPANY

See letter: Old Suffolk Bell-Ringers

English music—I feel sure you will find some interest in the enclosed old photographs of two famous Suffolk Companies of Ringers. The standing group is of Halesworth, taken in 1876, a Company that goes back as far as the sixteenth century, as witness the bequest: "July 19, 1539, William Walpole, to the priest, clerk and ringers, to provide them bread and drink, a piece of land called Bell Pightle" the income from which they still enjoy. They have rung on many a famous occasion, as they now wait to ring the happiest peal of all under their leader F. C. Lambert, the enthusiastic bell-ringer, parish clerk and local antiquarian. Among the list are June 4, 1805; Trafalgar, November 7, 1805; Copenhagen, 1807; Brest Fleet, 1809; Wellington, 1810 and 1811; Buonaparte surrender, 1814; Battle of the Alma, 1854. Of the group the one on the extreme left was T. Jermy, sexton, of a family of sextons since 1640, while the old gentleman on the extreme right was born in 1790.

The second group is the old Fressingfield Company, from another famous belfry, since their rector J. J. Raven was an authority on bells, and



THE RINGERS OF HALESWORTH

See letter: Old Suffolk Bell-Ringers

wrote the one outstanding work on Suffolk bells. The top left-hand figure was Ted Chandler, who was so old then that he had rung for birthdays of George III and IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria. The Queen sent him a signed photograph of which he was inordinately proud. But what a lovely face he has, saintly and seraphic, refined and dignified, worthy of an ecclesiastic of high rank.—**ALLAN JOHNSON**, Beauchamp Cottage, 21, Crown Dale, S.E.19.

BOOKSELLER'S SIGN

SIR,—In answer to Hadrian, I should like to say that the bookseller's sign over York Minster Gates depicts the figure of Minerva with the usual accompanying owl, seated near a pile of books with the mask of drama lying alongside. "This artistic piece of work," says the late T. P. Cooper in a small brochure on The Sign of the Crown (the bookshop facing the Minster), "was supplied by Francis Wolstenholme, a celebrated craftsman, who, with the help of his sons, John and Francis, carved the pews and galleries in the choir of the Minster after the disastrous conflagration of 1829 when the lunatic Jonathan Murtin set fire to the Minster." As a John Wolstenholme occupied the shop at the Minster gates at this time, we

may presume there was some relationship between the craftsmen and the bookseller. It was here that the *Yorkshire Gazette* was founded and first published in 1819. The York Book Club also met here, and it must have been one of the literary centres for York folks in the early nineteenth century.—**I. P. PRESSBY**, 77, Scarcroft Road, York.

AT FULKING

SIR,—The enclosed photograph depicts the very picturesque water fountain at Fulking, a charming little village at the foot of the South Downs. It has never, so far as is known, dried up, and the inscription above it reads:

He sendeth springs into the valleys

Which run among the hills.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness.

The lovely clear water coming from the towering chalk hills above the village has no doubt been a blessing for which the local inhabitants have given frequent praise.—**S. A. TICEHURST**, Horsham, Sussex.

A COMMUNAL KITCHEN

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing the bake-house at Papworth St. Agnes, Cambridgeshire, a communal fire for the whole village. I understand that it was built some 90 years ago by the local church authorities of this out-of-the-way hamlet, as in those days the

village was often completely isolated during bad weather; consequently fuel was often at a premium. It was considered, and rightly so, that one communal fire which all the women could use would be more economical than for each to cook by a separate fire in their own homes.—**P. L. L. PINNER**, Middlesex.

PROBLEMS OF BIRD MIGRATION

SIR,—I see that in a recent issue Major Jarvis appears to be a bit puzzled about migration in connection with certain North African birds. Perhaps these particulars may interest him.

Kingfisher.—A sub-species or rather the "typical" race as compared with our British breeder. Breeds in North Africa and I found a nest in a wet wadi, near Biskra, Algeria.

Robin, chaffinch, greenfinch, blackbird.—All breed in North Africa and



FOUNTAINS OF WATER

See letter: At Fulking

are local races, i.e. sub-species. This means they are slightly different from British ones—a matter of shade of colour, measurement and so on; however, it is only when skins are compared in the hand that differences are clear. In the field usually quite indistinguishable. All these sub-species are distinguished—scientifically—by a third scientific name. Trinomials are the modern method for separating and distinguishing local races.

For example: British robin is *Erithacus rubecula melophilus*, North African robin is *Erithacus r. witherbyi*. Continental robin is *E. r. rubecula* (typical race). There are various other races from Corsica, Morocco, Canaries, Ural Mountains, North Persia and so on.

It is extremely unlikely that the British form would ever do more than pop across the Channel (a few in the same way the French bird, which is the typical race, comes in small numbers to Britain in winter).

I doubt any British race going far afield. It would, of course, be quite possible for Continental races to pop across the Mediterranean (in small numbers) in winter. For instance, if you saw a robin in Egypt or the Arabias (where no local race breeds) it would be a visitor from Europe.

One must always distinguish between full migrants and partial ones. Even the full migrants are split into sub-species now and again, e.g. the martin of North Africa and South Spain is differentiated from the one that comes to Britain; only a matter of wing measurement, due to a shorter flight from Central or South Africa.

In Britain we have numbers of local races, e.g. all the tits, robin, thrush, redshank, chaffinch, bullfinch, greater and lesser spotted woodpecker, etc.—**W. M. CONGREVE** (Major, late R.A.), Salisbury, Wiltshire.



THE VILLAGE BAKE-HOUSE: A FUEL ECONOMY

See letter: A Communal Kitchen



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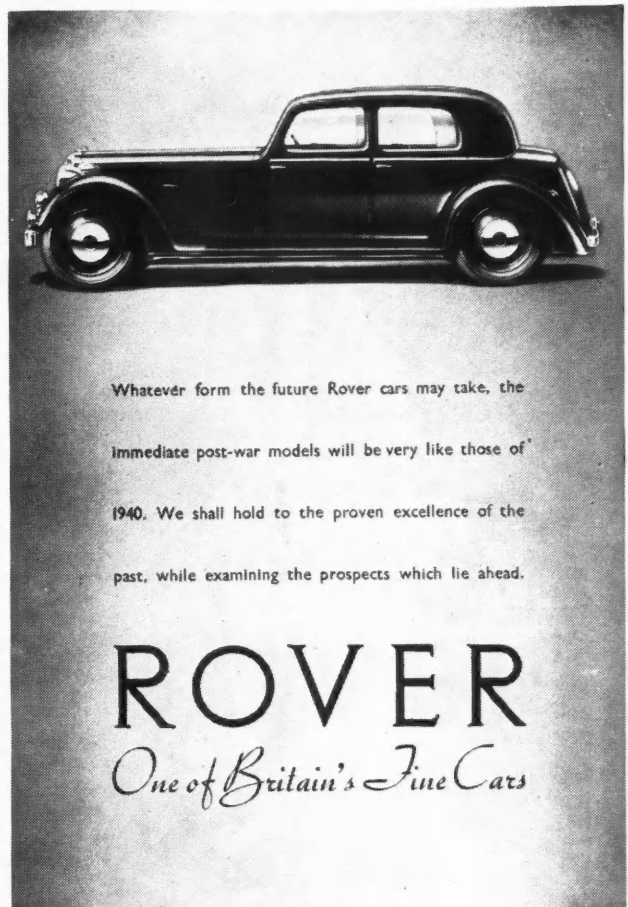
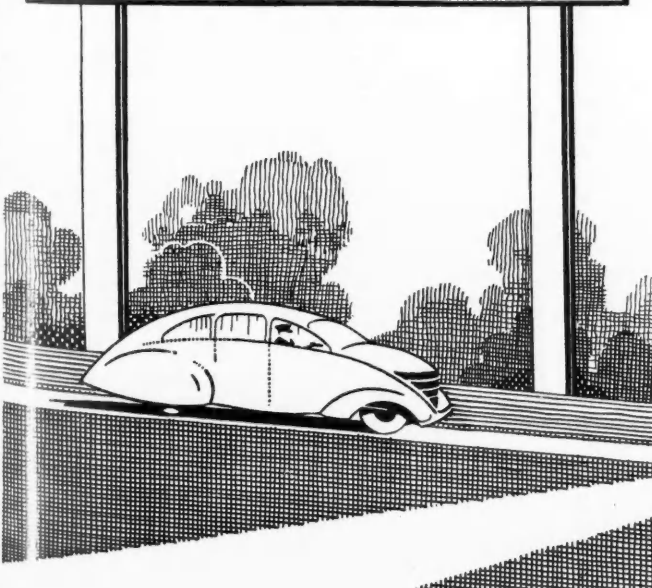
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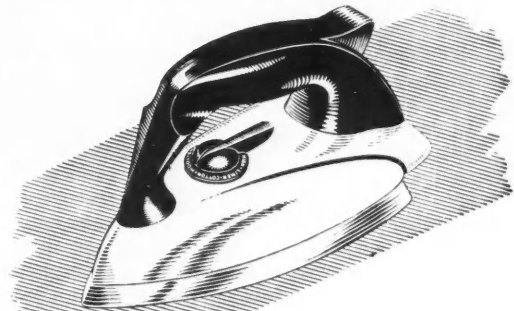
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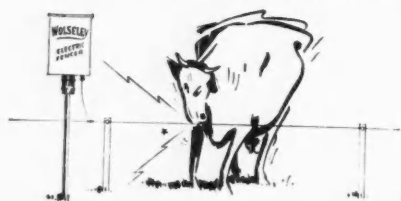
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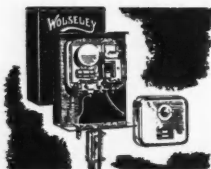


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FARMING NOTES

ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM

THAT a meeting of the Farmers' Club on a sunny April afternoon attracted an audience of 200 to hear and discuss a paper on Present and Future Aspects of Electricity in Agriculture is clear evidence of the wide interest there is to-day in the possibilities of this power applied to farming. Reference has already been made in COUNTRY LIFE to this meeting but further discussion may be worth while. Mr. H. W. Grimmitt, who read the paper, was careful not to tread on controversial ground. He belongs to the Electricity Commission and very properly took no stand on the moot point as to whether the supply of electricity should continue to be left to private companies or should be nationalised. He did, however, give due credit to the supply companies for making electricity easily available to three-quarters of the dwellings in rural areas. The main backbone of the grid lines has been erected, in all over 40,000 miles; more "spur" lines will be wanted to carry electricity to every village, and we may hope eventually to every farm. At the present time, only a small proportion—no one seems to know exactly how many—of our farms are connected to the main supply. Even a smaller number are making full use of electricity as a labour-saving force.

Increasing Use

MR. GRIMMITT said that in this country the average revenue from a sample of farms was £11 per annum some years ago. This has increased to over £15 per annum as the result of increased use and not of increased cost of electricity. Comparing our use of it with that of France he said that there the village people use electricity mainly for lighting, and there are very few electric cookers or farm apparatus such as grinding mills or pumps driven by electric power.

Economical Development

WHAT about a rapid expansion of main electricity supplies to cover all rural areas? The pace of development could be accelerated, but in Mr. Grimmitt's view the job could not be completed in the first four years after the war. Many more farmers want to get on to the main supply. Last year over 2,000 farms were connected to the mains, and this rate is increasing. To make the work economical, all farms and dwellings of the same area should be connected to the mains when the men are working there. Much money is wasted in connecting one farm at a time. There is no doubt that the farmers in any parish will be ready to get together in a joint scheme just as soon as they see a chance of a main supply. Mr. Grimmitt commented on the unsatisfactory installations which are found to-day on many farms that have main electricity. So far, farmers have improvised; they have had very little expert advice on the most convenient placing of power points, motors and such apparatus as grinding mills. Certainly there is much to be done in this country before we can feel that electricity is making its full contribution.

Education and Agriculture

MR. BUTLER, the Minister of Education, is pushing ahead with his plans for expanding the school system to cater for all boys and girls up to the ultimate leaving age of 16. How fast he will be able to go with his programme depends on the supply of teachers and new school buildings. Now agriculture has been brought into the picture by a report of the Advisory Committee, appointed by

Mr. Butler and Mr. Hudson under the chairmanship of Dr. Thomas Loe. This Committee has made recommendations for what is called "pre-agricultural education" covering pupils of the age 11-12 up to 16. They will get this kind of education at country secondary schools. It is not to be vocational education in the sense of being so narrowly focused on training pupils for work in one industry as to make them unfit for any other occupation. The idea is that the secondary school should not attempt to turn out semi-skilled farmers or farm-workers at the age of 16, but rather to fit those, who will in future hold responsible posts in the industry, to be "intelligent, useful and happy members of the rural community."

The Pre-Agricultural Course

THE Advisory Committee think that pupils should spend their time from 13 to 16 getting a "good general education" which should include English, spoken and written, literature, history, geography, current affairs, art, music, religious instruction, physical exercises and games, health, hygiene, mathematics, science, and practical work in the workshop, on the farm and in the garden. If they get through all this they will not have much time to spare! But it is recommended that in the first year the pupils should have one half-day of farm and garden practice, and towards the end of the course one day a week. They should also give some attention to the classics among literature relating to the countryside; and more specialised aspects of biology and chemistry, which concern agriculture and horticulture, should be developed in the second and third years of the science course. Mathematics should include the arithmetic of farm accounts, and so on. The pupils are also to be given opportunity to study the internal combustion engine and its application to agriculture. Some instruction in cement work and in brickwork should, if possible, find a place in the course.

Practical Work

ALL these recommendations seem admirable, but the curriculum proposed is surely much too full for the average boy of 13 to 16. My view is that it would be preferable to cut out most of the academic study during the last year of this pre-agricultural course. Good learning is not all to be found in books. There is much to be learned in practical craftsmanship. These values have been sadly overlooked in our modern education system. This is our opportunity to give them their proper place.

Unsuccessful Leys

ALMOST everywhere the young leys are producing an amazing wealth of growth. There are some exceptions. I walked over one such field last week-end. There was quite a good cover of grass and some clover, but the plants were not flourishing. Nearby on the next farm there is a really first-class ley. It has had the benefit of a dressing of phosphates when the grass seeds were sown in last year's barley crop, and after the ley was harvested another 4 cwt. of basic slag was applied in late September. This second dressing is, I am sure, the secret of success, at any rate on clay-land which is naturally deficient in phosphate. We do need to make these new leys really good. A poor ley does not itself provide much keep for stock and it does not contribute as much as it should to the restoration of organic fertility when the time comes to plough the land for a succeeding grain crop.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

IMPROVING TENDENCY MAINTAINED

SECURITY reasons" are ceasing to operate as a check on the announcement of transactions, and it should soon be possible to mention more of the current, and some of the quite important recent, sales of large country properties. With commendable caution many agents have in the last year or two issued notes of only a small number of their sales and lettings and purchases, rather than run any risk of disclosing matters which the authorities preferred should be, for the time being, secret. But for this there might have been many more residential and other transactions notified, some of them of extensive estates. In particular, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, Messrs. Hampton and Sons and Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. are among firms that on various occasions felt it advisable to ask that references to sales should be withheld. Judging from the enquiries now made regarding residential offers the tendency of the market for properties of large acreage is improving, and there is not a great number of choice landed estates available at the moment.

HIGH PRICES FOR FARMS

FOR a farm of 142 acres at Maesbrook, near Oswestry, Shropshire, freehold with the right of immediate entry, a final offer of £10,800 has been accepted. Another freehold with possession, near Cleobury Mortimer, evoked keen competition.

Bidding at an auction in Kidderminster resulted in a property, Mawley Town Farm, changing hands for £9,700, the area of the holding being 272 acres. The vendor of the latter was Sir Walter A. Blount, Bt., for whom Messrs. Edwards, Son and Bigwood and Mathews and Mr. G. Herbert Banks acted. The property is bounded for nearly a mile by the River Rea, and the Cleobury Mortimer and Ditton Priors Light Railway runs through the farm lands. There is a modern dairy, with cowhouses of an approved type for 50 head.

CHANGING LONDON

ASERIOUS view of the future of certain business and residential centres in London is beginning to be taken by those whose practical experience in the management of property qualifies them to speak on the subject.

On many occasions recently in the Estate Market pages of COUNTRY LIFE it has been pointed out that the long delay in coming to any decisions on the primary principles of replanning and reconstruction has virtually sterilised extensive areas of the City, and that the owners of the sites cannot hope for any income from their property for years to come. Not only, however, is past and present deprivation of income deplored, but also the possibility that owing to exclusion for a long period from their accustomed quarters a large number of concerns may eventually decide against returning to them.

NEW QUARTERS

ALREADY significant steps of one kind and another have been taken towards what may mean a diminished demand for accommodation in the City. For one thing insurance companies, great commercial concerns and individual business houses, have been driven to acquire, on lease or by purchase, country mansions for their offices. The expense and inconvenience of such a transfer of much of their work has been to some extent counterbalanced by the amplitude of the available space, and the comparative security from enemy

action. Probably, as regards the staffs, the great difficulty of finding handy dwelling-places and anxiety about the homes they have left, have tended to obscure appreciation of their rural surroundings. But, for better or worse, the changes have taken place, and in so far as they prove practicable they will imply a reduced demand for premises in the City and other time-honoured business quarters.

ECONOMICAL EXPEDIENTS

IT is a curious fact that, following the lead of the British Museum, a few years ago some of the banks and other corporations decided to build special premises for the preservation of their archives or papers that were not in daily requirement. For some reason, presumably the "tube" railway facilities, the storage buildings were chiefly located in one suburb that came to be a much-bombed target area, and without going into details it may be said that the choice of sites proved very unlucky. The principle of provision on less costly sites than those in the City, for records that must be kept, in itself effects an economy, and it also obviates need for extension of central premises. The transfer of routine business from offices in the City to premises in the country also means considerable economy, and it is a policy that is likely to be continued long after the end of the present war.

THE MARKETS

LESS space will be taken up by the wholesale markets if the distribution of meat and other commodities can be so arranged that only the quantity needed for London alone is handled in London, instead of continuing the present system by which vast quantities of goods are brought to London only to be carried almost to places whence they came. In time this economy may force itself on Covent Garden, as well as the meat market. River access being essential to the fish trade, Billingsgate is more likely to be enlarged than otherwise, and the extension of it over the Custom House site is seriously suggested. The resultant changes in the volume of business are bound to react on the demand for offices and warehouses in the City.

A MONASTIC HALL

THE MANOR FARM, 242 acres, is only one feature of Weston Manor, near Bicester, Oxfordshire, a freehold residential and farming estate, now privately offered. There is reason to think that it will be speedily disposed of. The B.B.C. holds a lease of the house and grounds for five years ending next August, at £600 a year. The house incorporates part of a 13th-century abode, and the large hall once used by the Abbots of Oseney. The moat now serves as a sunk garden. In 1713 the property passed by marriage to Captain Henry Bertie, third son of the Earl of Lindsey, and later to the Earl of Abingdon's son, remaining in the hands of the Bertie family until its sale in 1918. The Tudor residence was thoroughly renovated a few years ago. It is often regretted that architects, builders and craftsmen have not recorded their names and periods on work done by them, but such a complaint cannot be made against Richard Ridge, wood-carver to Henry VIII. He made the linenfold panelling, which now rises to a height of 12 feet in the banqueting hall, and took care to work his name into the carved frieze. The panelling was moved to Weston Manor from Notley Abbey some time in the eighteenth century. Mr. Frank D. James (Harrods Estate Offices) has prepared fully illustrated particulars of the property. ARBITER.

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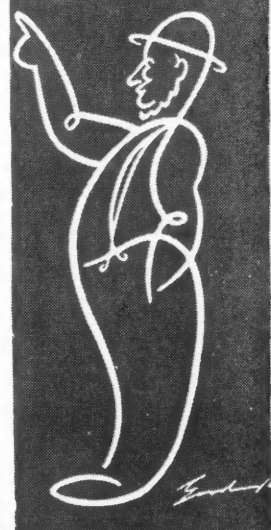
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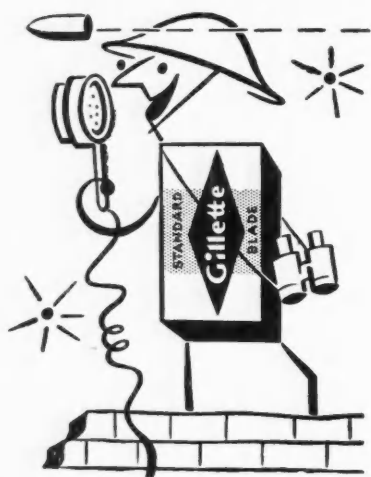


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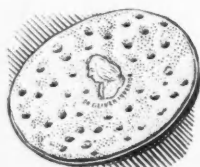
Gillette in battledress

"Standard" Gillette Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new

Sometimes difficult to get—but always worth finding. Production still restricted.

Through nine reigns...

Walpole was in his heyday and the South Sea Bubble still a piquant topic of discussion when Fortts Bath Oliver Biscuits first figured on the bill-of-fare of famous Clubs and gatherings of the quality. Two hundred years of time and change find these famous biscuits still the same unique production as that introduced by Dr. Oliver to Bath's fashionable circles in 1735. To-day, wartime demands have affected distribution to the public. But there should be plenty for everyone again when full production is resumed after the war.



Fortts
BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS



Crookford's Clubhouse, London (from an old engraving)



NEW BOOKS

FRIEND OF THE GREAT

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. JACK SIMMONS'S book *Southey* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is more interesting as the study of a man than as the study of a writer, and that is inevitable because Southey was not a great writer, but he was a man worth knowing. Not only that: he was one

of a fascinating group. Had he not been, the obscurity into which his reputation has retired would be deeper even than it is. He survives rather as the friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge than in his own right, and there is some justice in this. He was a generous man. He did what he could for his friends when they were alive; and now the effulgence of their still lively shades keeps his from fading utterly.

SOUTHEY'S REPUTATION

No one any longer, I imagine, would claim for him a place—that is in the full sense; some of his ballads might justify a niche—in English poetry. As for his prose, there has rarely been disagreement that it was excellent. "We find," as Macaulay unkindly said, "so great a charm in Mr. Southey's style that, even when he writes nonsense, we generally read it with pleasure."

The trouble is that the themes of his prose works are not attractive to contemporary readers. His masterpiece was the *Life of Nelson*, and though, according to Legouis and Cazamian in the *History of English Literature*, "every cultured Englishman" has read this, I am afraid that, in cold fact, few have done so. Mr. Simmons, in the book before us, rescues some splendid isolated passages, and suggests that the best way of recovering Southey from oblivion would be by the publication of an anthology of his best prose work. That certainly would be a task worth performing.

As for Southey's life, that is always worth reading about, and Mr. Simmons has made a good job of its re-telling. It is a life that might have been lived to exemplify in the most perfect form the old saying that every man is a Socialist in youth and a Tory in old age. The worst thing that can be said against Southey on this score is that age did not bring tolerance. A "Red" turned Blimp may be put up with if he remembers the warm engaging follies of his own youth and looks with an understanding eye on the vagaries of the generation growing up around his ageing knees. But Southey did not do this. Like Wordsworth and Coleridge, he was ardently committed to the opinions of the French Revolution; like them, he moved swiftly to a national and conservative standpoint; and this he voiced with a vehemence far exceeding theirs, and tending at times almost to hysteria.

For example, when the reform Bill was before the country a cholera epidemic spread from the Continent to England and Southey wrote that this had been sent by God "as one means of awakening the nation to a sense of its madness and wickedness."

This raging did not often get out of his writing into his personal relationships, which on the whole were courteous and hospitable. J. S. Mill's judgment that he was "a man of gentle feelings and bitter opinions" is not far wrong, though his failure to understand, in the light of his own young enthusiasms, the comparable enthusiasms of Shelley is hard to forgive.

It is in his domestic relationships that Southey appears in the most attractive light. He had much to put up with, and on the whole he bore it without complaint. He was never a wealthy or even a well-to-do man, and his brothers were, for longer than most men would have tolerated, a financial burden to him. Then there were the three Miss Frickers. Coleridge married one, Southey another, and their friend Lovell a third. Lovell died; Coleridge deserted his wife and children; and Southey was left with the three Miss Frickers and the Coleridge children, and his own children, all living with him, all to a large extent supported by him, in his house at Keswick. As though this were not enough, his wife, for a long time before her death, was out of her mind. She continued to live at home under Southey's constant care.

"A WILD BULL"

Despite all the aberrations of his public life as a writer, there must have been something fundamentally lovable about Southey as a man. He was ever ready to give the benefit of his opinion to a young writer, even at the cost of much time and thought, and even though the opinion may have been as unsound as it was disinterested. (He thought Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* "the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw.") His fellow-Tory Walter Scott thought that "in point of reasoning and practical judgment he is a perfect Hargreaves—nothing better than a wild bull," but nevertheless remained devoted to him as a man. And, indeed, how could one withhold devotion from a man who, hearing of a friend's misfortune, "instantly arranged to transfer to him his entire savings—£625 in 3 per cent. Consols." The best tribute to Southey's worth is to say that the action does not surprise us.

When arrangements were being made for Polish airmen to come to this country for training, Mr. Rom Landau, then well past service age, became an officer in the R.A.F. in order to help the settling of the Poles in this country, for he speaks Polish, and would obviously in many ways

be of assistance to the officer commanding the depot at which the Poles were to be received. This was in the first weeks of the war. He remained in the Air Force for a year, and his book *The Wing* (Faber, 16s.) is a record, partly in diary form, of his life during these twelve months. Briefly one may say it is a record of happiness when with "operational" airmen and of misery and self-doubt when with those who were doing nothing but staff work.

CONTEMPLATION OR ACTION

There is much bitterness in the book, and it is not difficult to see the cause of this. Mr. Landau came into the Air Force, at the age of forty, fresh from the life of a not unknown writer. He had spent years mainly in contemplation of religious and philosophical matters, and now at a plunge he found himself on the fringes of a life of hot and desperate action. He was at once seized with a desire to go beyond the fringes, to share in all the honour and danger of boys half his age, but those who had employed him for a particular purpose, who thought of such matters as his 40 years and his spectacles, were not keen to allow him to take this step.

Before the Poles arrived, he went to a bombers' aerodrome to learn something of the working of it, and here he managed to get some flying lessons. Then he went to an air-gunner's school, and again was not content with theory. Then he went to the aerodrome where the Poles were received and was invaluable at the doubtless sedentary tasks assigned to him. When the business between Britons and Poles—a difficult temperamental business—was more or less on its feet, he wrestled from the authorities permission to be fully trained as an air gunner. He came out top in his set and won his wing.

But he was never to fight. He was posted to a series of ground jobs and disliked them all, his mind being filled with the thought of the young men he had known and worked with and of the hot business they were engaged upon. Finally, he could stand it no longer and resigned from the service.

His book is by no means flattering to either Britons or Poles. In both cases, he thought more of the men than of the officers, and more of the people in the air than of the people on the ground. There are passages of great petulance, and these are obviously caused by the dilemma in which the author found himself trapped. Switched away from the contemplation to which he had been accustomed, yet unable to enter into the action he desired, he was in a mental and moral no-man's land, filled with human friction. But I have rarely read a book which left me with so complete a sense that judgment must be suspended till the other side had stated its case.

CANDLEFORD TRILOGY

A couple of years ago I reviewed a book called *Candleford Green*, by Flora Thompson—a delicious book in which the author caught the very flavour and essence of English village life at the moment when it was poised on the brink of dissolution. Little of the old had gone from Candleford Green, but the first symptoms of the new which at last was to sweep the old away had already appeared. *Candleford Green* was presented to us at the time when it might have been compared to a hale-looking countryman, to all appearance in the pink as they say, but having a tell-

tale spot here and there which the eye of a doctor would know to presage a rapid ending.

Before writing *Candleford Green*, the author had written *Lark Rise* and *Over to Candleford*, in which she traced the earlier career of Laura, the girl through whose eyes *Candleford Green* was presented. Now the three books are published in one volume called *Lark Rise to Candleford* (Oxford University Press, 15s.), and it may be doubted whether so perfect a delineation of the English countryside from the eighteen-eighties to the coming of "modernisation" has been given to us before or will be given to us again. In my view this trilogy will take a permanent place in English letters for both its individual and social significance.

ARCHITECTURE WITHOUT TEARS

THESE three introductions to architecture for the young, *Architecture for Children*, by Jane and Maxwell Fry (George Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), *The Englishman's Castle*, by John Gloag, with drawings by Marjory Whittington (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 16s.), and *Balbus*, by Oliver Hill, with drawings by Hans Tisdal (Pleiades Books, 7s. 6d.), are respectively in the earnest, the historic, and the colourful method. The last alone is a children's book, and a very jolly one Mr. Tisdal's bright stylised pictures make it. Mr. Hill makes no pretence of teaching the tots more than how to enjoy seeing buildings: which is the best way to begin. Mr. and Mrs. Fry set them and themselves a much more serious task: to comprehend the development of structure, planning and materials, from the wigwag to the contemporary concrete house. But the intervening history is packed perfunctorily and rather disappointingly into a chapter at the end, most of the book being a praiseworthy attempt to explain "living spaces," hot-water circulation, refuse disposal, and Mr. Fry's buildings, in clear if not very simple terms. Rightly enough they believe that "the past is not to be read as a succession of fixed styles, but as the story of a varying struggle to find a culture and an architecture at one with both the economic circumstances of the age and the more constant laws of nature." Very advanced children may understand what they mean, but the book seems better suited to adolescent students. *The Englishman's Castle* is a first-rate story book for boys and girls about houses, with many attractive scenes in technicolour (but why that picture of a bogus Elizabethan manor house like a Victorian vicarage, with so many lovely ones to choose from?). Mr. Gloag has packed in plenty of entertaining and digestible historical food, and provided an excellent bibliography which makes the book a very handy, if not invariably accurate, introduction to the history of English domestic building.

A MOST welcome addition to our bookshelves is *Whitaker's Almanack* (Whitaker, 10s., 6s. and 21s.) in its 1945 edition. Like so many other publishers J. Whitaker and Sons have found their publications delayed by difficulties due to air attack, some even dating back to last Summer; but late as it may be in appearing it is good to see this new edition in its familiar form and welcome as a book of reference which has always been a miracle of achievement in small compass. The delay has made possible the inclusion of the New Year Honours List. There are articles on Unrra, National Insurance, Stratosphere and Rocket Flight; The Diary of the War is brought up to date down to the Invasion of Germany. In a word, this edition is as good as or better than all its 76 predecessors.

"That's all
for to-night, Children"

What energy they've used during
the day—and now its bedtime. A few
quiet moments planning for tomorrow
—then a cup of OXO and off to bed.



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Fabrics FOR THE SUMMER

THE fabric situation is somewhat topsy-turvy as women are buying materials for their Winter coats now with their Summer frocks. Tailors take six months or more to make up, and good woollens should be bought when they are seen. There are plenty of the plain firm rayons in tweed and hopsack weaves but prints are like gold. Novelty weaves in rayon crêpes and marocains show a liking for twisted bouclé effects, somewhat like a sponge cloth or a barathea. The fabrics are quite thick and made to be tailored. Plaid gingham and striped cotton shirtings are for the bunched dirndl frocks. Some exceedingly fresh-looking white and navy, and white and red, rayons striped like a nurse cloth, but with more substance, tailor well and are almost crushless. The shamrock dotted Moygashel is charming, navy or emerald green on a white ground.

Colours are bold and clear for the stripes and geometric patterns, bunting red, emerald, butcher blue, sunflower yellow. Luminous blues and pinks are used on black and navy prints for a motif or small flower. The Ascher rayon with a weave like a sponge cloth and a dramatic hand-blocked design of dumb-bells

- (Above) Topolski's frieze print in clay red on a lavender rayon marocain, draped to the front of the skirt in the manner of the Egyptians.

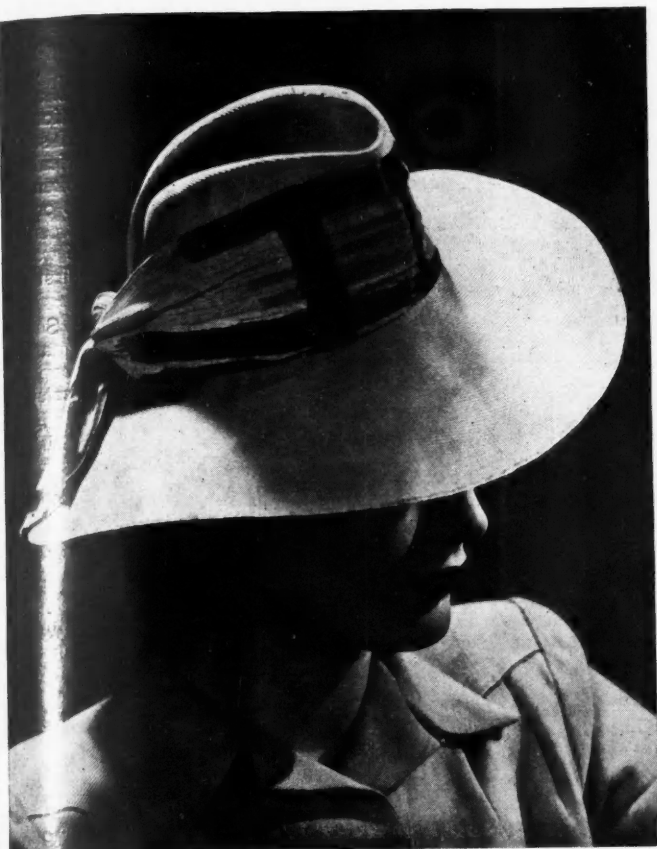
Spectator model



- (Left) Rima's crepe, navy printed with their letter-heading in puce, the skirt with a panel of unpressed pleats below a cut-away waistcoat top

is the right texture for Summer suits. Navy and white is particularly effective for the seaside, nigger on a glowing copper an effective new Summer combination. Harvey Nichols have a range of cotton and wool mixtures resembling a linen. They are three coupons a yard and printed with neat tie-silk designs. Their hopsack rayon printed with elephants is made in a series of seven different combinations of three colours. Cherry, candy pink and azure is gay and out of the ordinary; scarlet, cream and a pale green a second; brick, sky blue and violet a third. The design practically covers the ground, the elephants form an architectural pattern that is pleasant and the price is 22s. 3d. a yard. A black linen-like rayon, patterned with a luminous blue dot or a minute spray of flowers, has the design blown or sprayed on. Another black rayon, a marocain, has a polka dot or tiny star in gold thread and would make a smart evening coat or tailored jacket to furbish up a tired black frock. An all-over black rayon suiting is splendid for Summer coats or town suits, woven in a neat small basket pattern, and costing 12s. 4d. a yard and two coupons.

Some charming prints are shown at Jacqmar's. The floral, a fine, flexible spun rayon that we have illustrated looks like the formal felt flowers in the window-boxes of a doll's house; the flowers are done in brilliant shades on clear pastel grounds reminiscent of a Picasso. A larger design of lotus flowers and dragons has a Chinese touch; the elegant flowers, etched in black, twine over clear incisive colours. For the seaside and for shirts, Jacqmar show a rayon so like a pure linen it is unbelievable, with fish and sea flora formally spaced on a pale clear back-cloth in the pale colours of an aquatint. Pure silk suitings at this house look like a fine worsted, are 54 ins. wide, in pastel colourings, three coupons and 35s. 9d. a yard. Blonde blue is a clear pale shade featured throughout the collection. A secret Victory square is ready to be sold on V-Day, the latest and



Summer Hat in fine straw in natural or black—trimmed French ribbons.
Model Millinery Salon £8.6.0
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AN example from the wide range of washing frocks and tailored jumper suits in plain and printed rayons. The frock illustrated is a neat style suitable for most figures. Skirt panel pleated back and front. In Gold, Green, Pink, Apple or Sky.

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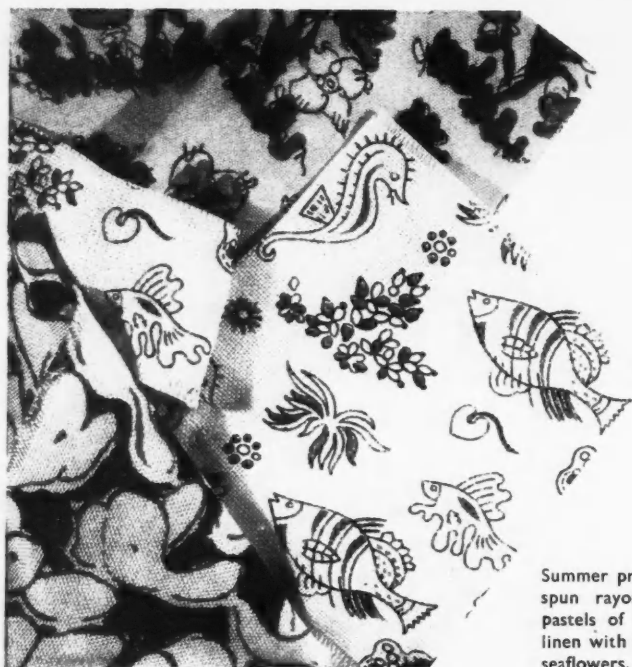
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Hips: 36,
38, 40. **£21.18.9**
(14 Coupons)

Suit Salon. Ground Floor
NO POST ORDERS



Summer prints—a flower print on a spun rayon crepe in the mixed pastels of a Picasso; a rayon-like linen with etched design of fish and seaflowers. Both Jacquar. Elephant print from Harvey Nichols, a hopsack rayon, cream outlined in red on a cobalt blue ground

last addition to the propaganda squares, which have been one of the popular fashions of the war.

For holiday frocks there are some two-coloured polka-dotted crêpes and striped linen-like rayons. At Marshall and Snelgrove's the stripes are mixed like an awning in very gay colours that would make up most effectively into blazers for the seaside, or beach frocks of the straight chemise type, chic with wooden-soled strap sandals. Greens, a tan and sail red are mixed together; lemon, indigo, dark green and scarlet.

FOR those who are thinking about a Winter coat, I commend a navy velours from Harvey Nichols with a ripple surface, amazingly light in weight, warm and soft as thistledown, expensive of course. Camel-coloured coatings are in several weights costing from £1 to 45s. a yard. Checked cheviots, smooth and fine in subtle colour combinations, are being bought heavily for warm tailored housecoats. Worsteds suitings with pin and chalk stripes in white, have grounds of dark clerical grey, navy or tobacco brown; a dark grey with the chalk line broken by a dark red is outstanding. Dog-tooth check tweeds come in two or three mixed bright colours with an undertone of beige. An in-between-time coating was a mixture of nigger brown and black in a bouclé weave—there is a strong feeling for bouclé surfaces apparent in the first bales released for next year.

Very fine cotton squares are being woven to wear with Summer dresses. Designs are bold and geometric. A navy and white square will be entirely in 1-inch wide stripes placed diagonally with a deep navy border, a navy ground patterned in bold white scrolls, a scarlet and white printed with white bars to look like bricks.

Very few fine crêpes are still being made but the experimental looms have been busy and blue prints are ready for post-war production. Kayser Bondor have designed and are making up very limited numbers of plain tailored pyjamas in flower tints with the tops cut like open, short-sleeved shirts, piped with a deeper tone. The idea is that when restrictions are lifted two suits can be combined so that the lilac top of one can be worn with either the viola purple trousers of the other or its own pale trousers; or the dark top with the light. Cami-knickers and slips are in this same super-flexible rayon and the same lovely colours—daffodil, clover red, periwinkle blue, viola purple, lilac and white—cut with a brassière top and piped with a deeper shade. The pyjama trousers are cut like slacks in the finest suiting, snug fitting at the waist.

This firm has invented and patented a new method of fastening that does away with zips or buttons. The slip crosses over on the waistline at the back and ties in front with a narrow ribbon. The petticoat has a slightly flared skirt that is absolutely right with the new fuller skirts and one steps into it. It is shown in taffeta and crêpe piped with a darker tone. P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

All the best



Here's hoping for quite a number of things, including fewer restrictions and more Old Angus—one of life's many amenities made scarce by war. A timely request for Old Angus is sometimes rewarded.

A NOBLE SCOTCH

— Gentle as a lamb

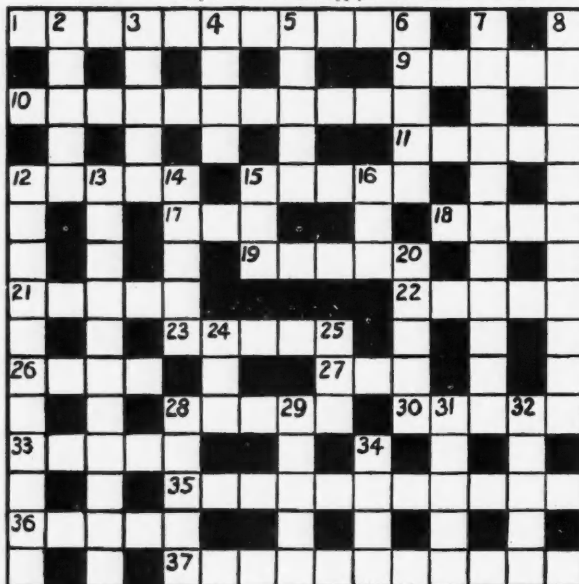
**OLD
ANGUS**



CROSSWORD No. 797

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 797, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, May 10, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 796. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of April 27, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1 and 12, Midsummer Night's Dream; 9, Stories; 10, Mongrel; 11, Pump; 13, Lion; 16, Retrial; 17, Twaddle; 18, Humdrum; 21, Cuirass; 23, Nine; 24, Begun; 25, Echo; 28, Introit; 29, Ireland; 30, North Countryman. DOWN.—1, Misapprehension; 2, Door-mat; 3, Unit; 4, Mistral; 5, Remnant; 6, Inns; 7, Hurried; 8, Silence is golden; 14, Diary; 15, Rapid; 19, Monitor; 20, Maestro; 21, Caution; 22, Acclaim; 26, Both; 27, Bear.

ACROSS.

1. Shopping centre for outrageous prices in Harlem? (5, 6)
9. Only one chore to get through, and that's muddled! (5)
10. Ruskin gave it a king (6, 5)
11. Awfully sweet! (5)
12. "The world is a bundle of hay, Mankind are the — who pull." —Byron (5)
15. Obviously the man to be roped (5)
17. Neither is completed in the north (3)
18. Dido's bier (4)
19. The poet should not be seen as yet (5)
21. Permit from tallow? (5)
22. Distinguished (5)
23. It may as well be thine (5)
26. Ran after? It didn't get a place! (4)
27. 25 turned serpentine (3)
28. Pools from which to launch it (5)
30. Sir Patrick (5)
33. The sort of warning that may dramatically precede an excursion (5)
35. Day dream of the unemployed? (4, 7)
36. Imperfect 6 (5)
37. Thoroughly fit, but one needn't hamper it in (4, 2, 5)

DOWN.

2. Saul and Jonathan were "swifter than eagles, they were stronger than —" (5)
3. The fellow on top is likely to sponge just so (5)
4. The hair of 2's necks (4)
5. The academician is East (5)
6. Anagrammatically speaking, chickens come home to it (5)
7. Seed of Housman's loveliest tree (6, 5)
8. The mowing fields, perhaps (4, 7)
12. Cabbalistic word for curing ague (11)
13. Just a foolish time once spent by the journalist (5, 6)
14. It's wintry white (5)
15. Paul's less attractive surname (3)
16. One is advised not to get in it (3)
20. Napoleon, in short, is present in the nap (5)
24. "The fatal bellman." —Macbeth (3)
25. Runs about the trees in Spring (3)
28. At the forge he's the colour of 1 (5)
29. Mountain nymph (5)
31. 15's sister? (5)
32. The thoroughly negative ism (5)
34. Shut so? (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 795 is
Mrs. Wickham,
Hartford Bridge, Basingstoke,
Hampshire